



SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 14, No. 8.

(The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)
Office—26 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, JAN. 5, 1901.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$5. } Whole No. 684

Things in General.

THE mayoralty campaign, which concludes on Monday, is, or should be, the event of the week, but I have seldom seen less interest displayed than this year. Late in the fall we ordinarily order a barrel of good resolutions to be sent to us by somebody from somewhere, and intended to arrive some time, say New Year's day. Either these come by slow freight and are too late to be acted upon, or arrive too early and spoil before the time when we intended to use them, for they are seldom of any use. Every year we meet one another with the fixed determination that the next year we will have a better Mayor, or a better Council, or be better ourselves, or be better to other people, or something of that sort. Every year we act just about as we did the year before. We are too busy with our own little concerns, which amount to very little, yet which are perhaps quite as serious as our relations to other people or to the community at large, and find ourselves engaged, as usual, in making the best of a bad job.

This year the mayoralty campaign has some humors which are not quite common to it. The "World" suggested that Messrs. Howland and Shaw should meet at some convenient place and toss coppers to see which of them should retire and pay for the beers. This suggestion of course ignores the presence in the public mind of any more serious proposition than that Toronto should have a Conservative Mayor, no matter whether good or bad. It may be quite true that no matter which of these two gentlemen won out, we would have a presentable and reasonable figurehead as our chief executive, but it does not follow that Toronto is such a Conservative preserve that the party shall hold it without assuming responsibility for the man elected. I stated early in the season that if the Conservatives would nominate a man and assume responsibility for him, I for one would be delighted to support him. I believe the Conservatives of this town, if they were to be held responsible for the conduct of a Mayor elected in their name, would seek to make the best selection possible. If, however, the Conservatives desire to hold the town as a Conservative preserve and take no responsibility for it, the whole affair assumes a different color. As far as Messrs. Shaw and Howland are concerned, they are self-selected candidates. The Conservative party had nothing to do with their selection, and would absolutely deny any responsibility supposing either of them became a bad Mayor. We cannot have party politics without party responsibility, and as far as the Conservative end of this game is concerned, it must be dropped as impracticable, improper, and an intrusion into the rights of the mass of individuals who assume the responsibility which the party declines to accept.

Mr. Frank Spence is said to be a Grit candidate. This may be true. I have neither asked for nor been given an entrance ticket entitling me to share in the deliberations of either the Grit or the Tory party, and having been accused of not having a great regard for party ties, I am probably not entitled to any such credentials. Let us admit for the sake of argument that Mr. Spence is the Grit favorite. That will not secure him election unless he is considered by the Grits to be a better man either for party purposes or for general purposes than any of the others to occupy the chair. There are no special services that a Liberal as Mayor of this town could do for his party, and it must be remembered that a man whose politics are dissimilar to those of the majority of the people of Toronto would be more apt to throw his party down for his own interests than to seek future defeat by catering to the desires of his political friends. At any rate, his Liberal friends do not assume any responsibility for him, and no Liberal should vote for him simply because he is in the habit of voting for Grit candidates, and I do not believe any of them will.

Not by implication, but by straight accusation, the "World" states that a much more dangerous association than either of the political parties is behind Mr. Spence's candidature. It is said that the gamblers and dive-keepers, and in fact all the improper people that creep into even such a good city as ours, are in league for the election of Mr. Spence. Worse than this, it is intimated that one of the Conservative candidates is nothing better than a creature to be put forward to make certain the defeat of the other Conservative candidate. If the Conservative party is in such a lugubrious hole as not to be certain of the bona fides of either of its candidates, or of one of them, it certainly should not be entrusted, and its candidate, whoever it is, should not be entrusted, with the government of a city in which are situated such important interests. The other two candidates are regarded as a joke, and rather an obscure and pointless joke at that, and in the running it may be expected that they will be mentioned as those who "also ran."

With such serious innuendoes bruited about with regard to the three candidates who have some status in the campaign, it seems to me that Mr. Spence should easily become the favorite. As an alderman who has been before the people he was strong, and as a Controller he was the most conspicuous figure of the municipal government of the year 1900. He was by no means infallible, but at every important crisis his voice and the expert knowledge which he has somehow acquired of our municipal affairs, loomed up in a manner that overshadows the record that any alderman has made since I have been paying any attention to municipal affairs. Entirely upon this record, and feeling that a man who has been, as far as we know, clean throughout his lifetime, is not forced at such a fortunate time in his history to sell himself out to gamblers or to engage stool-pigeons to help him attain a chair to which he is distinctly entitled by his work, I feel that I cannot possibly do anything else than urge the claims of Mr. Spence. He is not an experienced such as was the failure of last year. In the most radical points, as in antecedents, he is absolutely different from the present occupant of the office, and we have reason to hope for something from him, while we certainly have no reason to hope for anything from a man who is disappearing from public view.

I have already been asked how I can consistently support a prohibitionist for Mayor. This query is entirely aside from the general question. I have my own views with regard to matters of religion, morals and social organization. There have nothing to do with the selection of a business man to look after the municipal interests of the city in which we live. These interests are intimately connected with the interests of every individual, and can be opposed or promoted where they come in contact with the Provincial or Dominion Government. The taxpayer desires to be represented by somebody who has a grasp of the situation, whose self-interest lies in well-doing, and whose energy is phenomenal and whose associations we can regard as reputable. To me it is entirely immaterial whether Mr. Spence or any other suitable candidate for this business office believes in prohibition, circumcision, instantaneous conversion, transubstantiation, the final perseverance of the saints, pre-destination, fore-ordination, immersion, or the transmigration of souls. The one thing, of course, that those of us who believe in some of these doctrines and not in others do desire, is that the office of Mayor shall not be used to push any of these "isms" down

our throats. I do not ask an employee who comes to me what are his views with regard to any of these doctrines; I choose him on different lines; but if he were to come to me and try to crowd his beliefs into my system or give me the worst of it, I should certainly rebel and make short work of him. This sort of thing, however, does not happen in either commercial or municipal concerns, except in the case of the incurable fanatic or the still more dangerous demagogue who can do himself good by disturbance, and thus do the general public harm, or by trying to force the general public to do what it desires to leave undone. Mr. Spence is young enough to know that his future is before him, and old enough to be certain that demagoguery and fanaticism would be so instantly and determinedly resisted as to put him out of business. Therefore, reckoning the qualities and possibilities of those concerned in this scramble for an office to which none of them, excepting Spence, are by any means entitled, it does seem plain that Mr. Spence, with a good record behind him and a considerable future before him, is most likely to be the person to serve the purpose of the electors.

HOW some of those ties which are supposed to be the tenderest in social and domestic life sometimes appear to be disregarded, is indicated by the suit of an undertaker in New York against a citizen of Toronto and his sister for \$81, the expenses incurred in the burial of the mother of the two defendants some time ago. The son

demonstration of the hollowness, often worse than the meaninglessness of the whole affair?

M. R. DELPIT, secretary of Lieutenant-Governor Jetté of Quebec, has written to the press, defending his course with regard to the annulment of his marriage, but I do not think his letter can affect public opinion on the case, for it deals with the legal, not the moral, aspect of the matter. The facts seem to be these: Mr. Delpit was married to a young woman some years ago by a Protestant minister. Three children had been born of the union before the husband became convinced that upon religious grounds he was not properly married. Worse still, he seems to have been unmoved by the presence in his home of his offspring, and asked the Church authorities to annul the marriage on the ground that the contracting parties being both of the Catholic faith, they could not validly be married by a Protestant minister. The case has been carried through the Church courts to the feet of His Holiness at Rome, and the Propaganda has declared that the marriage was no good. The wife of the man and the mother of the children properly enough refuses to recognize the decision of the Roman court, and contends that at the time of her marriage she was not a Roman Catholic. It strikes me that it makes mighty little difference as to the permanence of the bond whether she was a Roman Catholic when she was married or not. By every law of civilization, outside the Church

nan, Mr. Griffith and the little son of another missionary got separated from their companions, and passed a day and a night in extreme peril. In their terrible cross-country flight they were more than once comforted and succored by Chinamen upon whom they had not the slightest claim. If thirsty, they were given drink; information was often forthcoming when asked for; a poor peasant, who hadn't even food in his hut, gave Mr. Griffith a pair of cast-off shoes to save his bruised and blistered feet; some laborers sitting by the wayside, eating their morning meal, when they had heard the "foreign devils'" story, insisted on their eating a bowl of corn before proceeding. But perhaps the most striking occurrence was that recounted in the following passage:

"Soon we entered a walled town, which it seemed difficult to avoid, and there the surging, vociferating mobs surrounded and jostled us, and assumed a most threatening attitude. Our position seemed almost hopeless, and it looked as though a word or movement might precipitate the crisis and seal our fate, when a man suddenly spoke up and declared that we ought to be allowed to proceed. He was rather young looking, and it seemed strange that the crowd should pay so much attention to his opinion. But open up it did, and the man himself led us out of the town. Not only that; though we were absolutely penniless and almost naked, he voluntarily accompanied us a distance of thirty li (ten miles), and for one-third or more of that distance carried Paul Goforth on his back, as the brave little fellow was almost exhausted."

It is to be remembered that Mr. Griffith and his companion were passing through a hostile territory, where the passions of the populace had been deeply stirred, and that the people who befriended them did so at their own peril. Their helpers were not native converts. It does not even appear from Mr. Griffith's account that they were people who were likely to have ever heard the white man's gospel. Yet they were moved by the same compassion as might actuate one of ourselves in similar circumstances, and it is impossible to believe that human nature is very different under the yellow hide of a Chinaman from what we know it to be in the heart of the white-skinned Caucasian. Certainly it does not seem to be inferior to our particular brand.

SPEAKING of China, was ever a greater crime committed in the name of civilization and Christianity, than the butcheries and looting carried on in that unhappy country by the European armies, under the pretext of punishing the guilty and restoring order? It is astonishing that a greater outcry has not been heard from the press of the world, against the wholesale pillage and plunder of Pekin and other towns by the Allies. If the churches were generally concerned in anything more practical than an academic Christianity, they could have found in the invasion of China an opportunity for pressing home upon the whole world the sacredness of the eighth Commandment. Stealing is a high crime in China, punishable with death. I wonder what heading looting comes under? All the correspondents in China agree that there has been much needless atrocity and a great deal of what, to give it its plain name, is nothing but common thievery and vandalism.

That plundering has been carried on to a shameful extent is shown by the readiness of each nationality to shift the weight of responsibility to other shoulders. The Germans are said to be the only ones who spurned all spoils at one place they burned near Pekin. They wanted revenge for the death of their Minister, not loot. The Russians are the greatest looters. "Junk after junk comes down the river loaded with goods," says one correspondent, "and their sales are carried on through the Chinese, who are natural merchants, and always ready to make a dollar. Where the goods came from would not worry them, and if, sometimes, they recognize their own goods, they take it philosophically." The British, I am happy to observe, seem to have had the least share in the work of pillage. But this is the best we can say for the troops under our flag, for there seems to be no doubt they also have been guilty of looting, though to a smaller extent. The facts are stated as follows in a reputable British paper:

"After the relief of the legations Sir A. Gaselee saw that the troops of the other Powers were helping themselves freely to whatever they could lay their hands upon. He strictly forbade his own men to take part in anything in the shape of plunder, and the British soldiers had to stand by with empty hands and see costly silks, rich furs, ivory, paintings, carvings, gold and silver work, and other valuable articles grabbed up wholesale by the soldiers of the other nations. This was naturally somewhat hard for the British troops, white or Indian, to bear, and General Gaselee arranged a system to meet the case so far as was compatible with discipline. While forbidding anything in the shape of individual plunder, he allowed properly organized parties of our soldiers to enter deserted houses within the limits of the district allotted to the British and gather up whatever articles of value had been left. The goods collected are to be sold by public auction, and the proceeds put into a prize fund to be distributed among officers and men according to an equitable scale."

What kind of Christianity is this for us to be carrying to the "poor, benighted heathen"? All observers are united upon the point that if the Chinaman has one virtue it is that of respect for the property of others. He is credited with "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," and doubtless in some respects he deserves all that has been said of him in that connection. But those who are in the best position to know, testify to the sterling commercial honor of the despised Celestial. He will stand by a bargain and observe the property rights of others, though it be to his own hurt. We are carrying the religion of love to him at the point of the sword, and not content with having taught him that the Christian nations know how to steal his land, we are now demonstrating that we can steal with equanimity his gold and silver, his wardrobe and his household furniture, and put him to death as cheerfully as if he were a reptile. It is a curious spectacle for the dawn of the twentieth century.

I HOPE every reader of this page perused the article published on the fourth page of "Saturday Night" last week, entitled "A Voice out of the East." That impressive appeal of the Buddhists to the Christians could not fail to affect the opinions of any fair-minded person. With all modesty I think it can be said that it was the most interesting and important article published in any Canadian newspaper last week.

M. R. ALFRED HARMSWORTH, who is the proprietor of nearly a score of London publications, and has become particularly prominent as the proprietor of the London "Daily Mail," has written a long article for the "North American Review" concerning the possibilities of a syndicate newspaper which will practically put out of business the ordinary independent enterprise. Mr. Harmsworth is, without doubt, speaking of what is possible; yet those who understand the newspaper business and are still able to look at the craft as one which they could do without, cannot but feel alarmed at the suggestion that a small syndicate of men in New York or London



Ald. Frank Spence,

Whom "Saturday Night" hopes to see elected Mayor for 1901.

contended that he should not be expected to pay these burial expenses, inasmuch as his mother had left quite a sum of money to his sister, while he had received nothing. The judge commented sharply on the bringing of such cases into court, and gave judgment to the plaintiff, together with costs. It looks like hard lines for a son to resist payment of his mother's burial expenses, even if he was left out of her will, for it can be safely assumed that the average mother in the bringing up of her child earns at least all the respect that he can pay to her when neither tenderness nor gratitude have been folded. One is not permitted to guess at the family relations which preceded such an apparently heartless action, but yet, believing that there are always two sides to a question, and adopting for a moment the harsh commercial standards which seem to prevail, it would seem to be just that the one who was the beneficiary of the deceased should have undertaken the duties of the burial. This is purely a commercial view of the affair. Sentimentally, it must be rather a heart-breaking thing for fathers and mothers who cannot live much longer to think that the few dollars which they leave in a certain way, probably for good reasons, are to be a bone of contention even with regard to burial expenses, and that sons or daughters are willing to go into Division Court to air the inequalities of a trivial will for the sake of avoiding the cost of the last rites which even the heathen feels more incumbent upon him to perform for his dead kinspeople than any other services.

One thing may be added in this connection, that if there is an excuse of any kind for such a dispute it is that of poverty, and nothing can excuse the extravagance of those who are unable to pay, incurring an undertaker's debt of \$81 for an imitation of the rites of which the pagans were so fond. If it costs a poor family, the wage-earner of which, we will say, makes a dollar and a quarter a day, eighty dollars undertaker's expenses to bury a friend or a relative, it means, outside of personal expenses, loss of time, and family mourning, and cemetery expenses, over two months' work. Can the living afford to rob their living kindred in this way in order to indulge in performances useless to the dead, which so frequently result in a

of Rome, she was married and her children are legitimate, and it seems to me an extraordinary and an unfortunate thing that the Church which refuses to recognize divorces should lend itself to the annulment of a marriage evidently entered into in good faith, and thus imperil the legitimacy of three innocent children, who were evidently born before the ultra-religious view of the affair—or opportunity of escape from responsibility—dawned upon the husband. The least that could have been done, it seems to me, if the marriage were ecclesiastically irregular, would have been an order directing a new marriage retroactive in its scope. The husband, it is alleged, is now entering an action before the civil courts for divorce, and the wife says that she will carry the matter before the British Privy Council if the Canadian courts decide against her. The whole matter seems to me to be a scandalous proceeding which, if the marriage be set aside in the civil courts, reflects no credit on the laws of Quebec, nor, in any case, upon the laws of the Church and the honor of the husband. The result of the trial will be awaited with interest as indicating how much power is still retained by the ecclesiastical tribunals of the sister province.

RETURNED missionaries from China have been amongst the harshest judges of the misguided "heathen Chinese," while those still remaining behind in the Flowery Kingdom are said to be, with scarce an exception, unrelenting advocates of stern reprisals for the Boxer outbreak. On the whole, it is perhaps not surprising that this is the case. The missionaries suffered more directly from the rising-up of John Chinaman in his wrath than any other class, except the poor native Christians, who seem to have been generally abandoned to a cruel but unavoidable fate by those who had brought them into trouble. The extreme views of many of the missionaries make it more interesting to observe how some of them have all unconsciously borne testimony to the natural benevolence of the people we are asked to despise.

I have read with absorption the thrilling story related by Rev. John Griffith, a Canadian Presbyterian missionary and a graduate of Toronto University, in one of the connexional publications of his church. In escaping from Ho-

could, by the immensity of their capital and the skill which this would enable them to employ, become the entire voice of a continent. Governments would be forced to serve those whose word would make or break them. Other great capitalists would be forced to unite with such a newspaper syndicate in order to obtain a hearing, and to have such an unlimited power placed in the hands of a few people would utterly destroy the individuality and effectiveness of either public speech or private persuasion. From one central source publishing newspapers, perhaps in New York, Boston, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Indianapolis, St. Louis, New Orleans, Denver, San Francisco, etc., with unlimited cable and telegraphic service, and having to furnish nothing but merely local news, public opinion would be overwhelmed, and remonstrance by poorly equipped newspapers or anything but God-given genius would be absolutely futile. I quite agree with Mr. Harmsworth that the era is approaching when something of this sort will be attempted, probably with success. The advertiser will not dare to refuse to contribute to its support, for at a single blow from such a newspaper octopus his business could be destroyed. Telegraphing is not nearly as expensive as people believe, and a machine is now nearly complete which, if operated in New York, would set the type in Chicago, thus avoiding all the middlemen, shorthand writers, typewriters, telegraph operators, and receivers.

The mechanism of producing a newspaper will within the next year or two obliterate space. What else will it obliterate? Will it not destroy all personality, and pound the face of the human family into a dough which is to be modelled after the fashion which the syndicate desires? We are not so far away from this system now. Leading men and astute financiers in nearly every city shape the press to please themselves, and modulate the voice of the editor to suit the advertising page. We need not be shocked when we contemplate the approach early in the new century of a huge scheme to manufacture all of us into hirelings and puppets for those who are clever enough to organize a system of thinking which will so nearly fit us that there will be little rebellion and ineffectual opposition. It is all reasonable, because we are every day showing our inability to think out or manage even a municipal enterprise. Furthermore, why should a hundred men write editorials while ten men may write them all and have them telegraphed over the country? The great saving of labor and expense, the illimitable opportunities of illustration, the enormous saving which will be represented by a hundred newspapers working together to get the news which one is now forced to pay for, simply indicate that we are working to an end in which frugality, organization, and the complete disappearance of our individuality will make things cheaper, and to a very great extent obliterate the person. If the syndicate is honest, well advised and carefully managed, the co-operative newspaper may be superior to that published on the individual plan, but the power which is being transferred from the many to the few is like the changing of a republic into a monarchy. Of course this sort of thing would breed its own rivalry, but it would be a very hard struggle for opponents to break into an organization as powerful as the one which has been suggested, and it is very doubtful if even successful rivalry on such a grand scale would not give the people two oppressors instead of one.

SPEAKING of the paternalism of governments and the tendency to transfer all large operations from the hands of the individual to a corporate concern, such as the Standard Oil Company, it may be noted that some of the best and cleanest dramatic critics in the United States are clamoring for a National United States theater. Dramatic productions in the United States have to a greater or less extent fallen into the hands of a syndicate, who grind out more or less filthy and sympathetic dramas alternately. They control the boards of the best theaters, and have degenerated the playwright into an office boy or a clerk who grinds out the stuff they want without regard to what the public needs. France has long set us a good pattern in this regard by subsidizing and supporting a theater in which some of the great dramas of the world have been produced. Of course the national taste of France has colored and restricted much that has been done, but a similar institution in an English-speaking country would without doubt present to the people a higher type of plays than the Hebrew gentlemen who have now to such a large extent got possession of the United States theaters, are producing. If we are to be moulded like clay by syndicates and manipulated like pawns by aggregated capital, there certainly should be something offered as a compensation. If organized capital is to have so great a pull, we must transfer some of the franchises which mould public character and private taste to the government which we can affect. Otherwise we may as well put in our resignations, as far as affecting the capitalist is concerned. Our only possibility to be influential or corrective is to transfer to the Government many of the things which the private individual has unsuccessfully endeavored to conduct. If half a dozen men can fix our gas rates, and as many more can fix our water rates, and another half dozen can control our telegraph and telephone lines, or street railways, we had better organize with a view of having these things done by a government, either municipal, provincial, or federal; the Government is the only thing that can swamp the syndicate. It is quite possible that there may be a syndicate within the Government, but we at least retain some voice in the management if we maintain even the pretense of public ownership of public franchises. I hope the national theater in New York will be brought to a successful issue by those who have undertaken the task. As London feels the British provinces in a dramatic sense, so New York really dispenses to us in Canada, as well as the United States, the dramatic food which we are expected to digest.

A PHYSICIAN of wide knowledge and experience sends me the following letter in reference to my discussion of some of the revelations in the Hazelton case. His opinions are interesting, and though they are severe, may contain a good deal of truth. The letter speaks for itself.

Editor "Saturday Night":

"Sir,—Apologies for my article re maternity in a recent issue, permit me to say that my experience as a medical man of over twenty years' extensive practice in country and city, points to the churches, female societies, and the ease with which abortifacients, as proclaimed by a mercenary press, may be obtained, as the root of the evil. The church, particularly Protestant, has created such a demand for the attendance and work of women that, in order to meet the requirements, women have no time to bother with children. If the woman is not a church-worker, she identifies herself with some female insurance, national or scientific society, which demands a lot of her time, and not a little money, and of course under such conditions she could not be expected to bother with children."

COLONEL OTTER and the remnants of the contingent which he commanded, returned to Toronto on Christmas day and were given a warm and sincere welcome. We will soon have received with all due enthusiasm every body who went away, excepting the Strathconas, those who accepted commissions and joined the Imperial force, and those poor fellows who sleep beneath the veil. To me at least it seems a gratifying episode that these receptions and glorifications, temporarily at least, are soon to be at an end. That the young men who went to South Africa demonstrated very clearly the worth and valor of our people will always be a pleasant thing to recall. That they went, more or less, in a spirit of adventure is demonstrated by the fact that they did not desire to remain beyond the period of their enlistment, though Lord Roberts was anxious they should do so, and Colonel Otter appears to have desired them to stay. Probably the British Empire needs our men now more than ever before. That the force returned home at such a critical period certainly does not

prove that the brave fellows who went to South Africa did so with that full spirit of self-sacrifice which demands the giving of everything that one has to give. Hereafter, when Canada gives to the Empire it will be well to remember that there can be no short time limits set for either loyalty or service. We must appreciate the fact that adventure is not the basis of a patriot soldier's life. Just what motives impelled all those who donned and have doffed the khaki will never be explained, but it will no doubt be demanded hereafter that those who serve the Queen and maintain Canada's position in the Empire, shall stay with the campaign until it is completed. I would not in the slightest sense suggest that the spirit of adventure rather than that of actual desire to serve Her Majesty and to more firmly establish the Empire, governed the volunteers, yet it is evident that at the time when our fellows were badly needed they were on the voyage home. Spasmodic loyalty is not what is required, and in dealing with this question, the hysteria of congratulation and praise, in which "Saturday Night" has never indulged, must be more or less subject to the calm judgment of the citizen who reckons the thing out and enquires whether our duty did not extend a little further than a demonstration which lasted twelve months but by no means covered the entire campaign. The haste to go in some respects has been quite equalled by the haste to return, yet we cannot quarrel with this, understanding the arrangements which were made. Nevertheless, we cannot divest ourselves of the fact that much that was done was simply the impulse of youth in search of an adventure, and considering the whole matter we probably have a right to confess to ourselves that there was as much of the adventurous spirit as of self-sacrifice and love of the Empire in the splendid performances of our young men in South Africa. As there seems to be a growing spirit of criticism, joined in, no doubt, by many of the officers and men of the militia and contingents, as to the proper division of the honors and rewards, I shall say no more than that the present is a fairly good time to drop the subject.

SOME weeks ago I asked why Rev. Father O'Leary, who was the chaplain with one of the contingents, should have been specially selected for honors and popularity while other chaplains of the Protestant faith were being overlooked. I was not then aware that some of the strictest of Father O'Leary's sect had asked that he should be disciplined for reading the Protestant burial service over soldiers not of his faith who fell at Paardeberg. This astonishing phase of what has too long been a tendency in all religious denominations, the observance of forms and the carrying of differences of opinion to the bitterest possible end, has been a feature of religious life in every country, and a portion of the creed of every sect, the only one departing from it and being criticized for his departure in the earlier years being Christ himself. It is a pleasant thing to know that His Grace Cardinal Begin, to whom this matter was apparently referred, has quickly silenced those who were so intensely devoted to the formulas of the church. His secretary has written:

"His Grace is much surprised at the report, which he hardly believes worthy of notice or consideration. It is true that Roman Catholic clergy are forbidden to take part in Protestant services, but no official information of Father O'Leary having done so has been received. Even if he did read the English Church service, it must be remembered that he was acting in the presence of death, and under the shadow of the tomb, and there is certainly nothing in the canons of the Roman Church forbidding Roman Catholic clergy to pray for Protestant dead."

Social and Personal.

THE presentation, from the women of Toronto to Colonel Otter, of a cabinet of silver, what might be called a dessert service, consisting of a fruit stand, two smaller stands, three salvers and a loving-cup, one of the most elegant selections that taste and knowledge and money could buy, was made by Miss Mowat on their behalf on Wednesday afternoon in the mess room of the Armouries, at a little after four o'clock. The room was crowded with a very smart and representative party of ladies, and quite a number of men, for the occasion admitted by courtesy to what was a most delightful consummation of a woman's happy thought, carried out in a hearty and perfect manner by women. The Poet Laureate has sexed the new century gently, and its first public act of patriotic enthusiasm, taking, however, a pleasant personal turn, has been done in Toronto by women. Colonel Otter and Miss Mowat were the central figures in this act, as the mistress of Government House in altering tones read to him the address which voiced the appreciation we feel of his sterling worth and manhood. In slow and halting sentences, vibrating with feeling and earnestness, Colonel Otter acknowledged the gift, dwelling strongly, as he did at the banquet, upon the comfort, solace, and inspiration the sympathy and substantial gifts of the women had been to him and his men during the campaign. His mother, Mrs. Otter, and his sister, Mrs. Stewart, stood near him, Mrs. Otter, sr., holding a huge sheaf of Meteor roses with floating red ribbons, which she accepted with great pride and pleasure; Mrs. W. D. Otter, who was presented with a bouquet of pink roses, was near by, encircled by a group of old friends, all rejoicing in her happiness. After the presentation, tea was served at a patriotic table done in red, white and blue, and presided over by some hospitable and handsome young matrons, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. Cameron, and others. Then the true usefulness of the privileged men came out, as they went hither and yon with ice cream and dainties to the outposts and the rear. I am requested by the ladies in charge of the presentation to publish the names of the contributors, and the list given by them for publication follows: Among the men at the presentation were Colonel Young, Colonel Bruce, Colonel Davidson, Colonel Campbell Macdonald, Mr. Justice MacMahon, Captain Archie McDonnell, Mr. Bruce Harman, Mr. Stewart Gordon, Commodore Boswell, Messrs. Ince, Mr. Harry Paterson, Mr. Nordheimer, Commander Law, Mr. Sydney Bond, A.D.C., Mr. Elmsley. The decoration of the mess room was distinctly successful, the fine drums used at the banquet, the gracefully draped flags, and the generally smart effect being much admired. In fact, the women of Toronto may well plume themselves upon the marked eclat of the whole undertaking, a bright committee, a good object, and a rousing interest being naturally leaders to a brilliant climax. It was indeed for them and their soldier man a memorable occasion!

The ladies contributing to the Otter testimonial were: Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. Sprague, Mrs. Allen Cassels, Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mrs. Algonquin Temple, Mrs. Charles O'Reilly, Mrs. George Harman, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Fred Grasset, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mrs. Stewart Gordon, Mrs. Wm. Mackenzie, Mrs. Ince, Mrs. W. Ince, Mrs. J. M. Mackenzie, Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Mrs. H. Macdonald, Mrs. Langmuir, Mrs. Archie Langmuir, Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. Pellatt, Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mrs. Geo. A. Peters, Lady Meredith, Mrs. Geo. T. Denison, Mrs. Stephen Heward, Mrs. J. C. Macdonald, Mrs. Wallace Jones, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Schoenberger, Mrs. W. Cassels, Mrs. Hagarty, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. S. McDowell, Miss Thornburn, Mrs. G. A. Arthur, Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Joseph Cawthra, Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mrs. Christopher Robinson, Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Burton, Mrs. Boswell, Mrs. Bolte, Mrs. J. Plummer, Mrs. Wylie Grier, Mrs. Mara, Mrs. Hume Blake, Miss Minnie Barwick, Mrs. George Hodgins, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Douglas Young, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Parkin, Mrs. G. McMurrich, Mrs. Frank Fleming, Mrs. H. Strath, Miss Beardmore, Mrs. Coulson, Mrs. B. B. Cronin, Mrs. W. Blake, Lady Gzowski, Mrs. Gzowski, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Langton, Mrs. Heaven, Mrs. Baldwin, Miss Ball, Mrs.

Herbert Mason, Mrs. George Cox, Mrs. Henry Grasset, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. Arthur Pepler, Mrs. John Bruce, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Miss Rowand, Mrs. Osler, Mrs. Fotheringham, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Mowat, Mrs. Patterson, Miss FitzGibbon, Mrs. MacMahon, Lady Kirkpatrick, Lady Taylor, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mrs. James Henderson, Mrs. Winnett, Mrs. Larratt Smith, Mrs. G. S. Ryerson, Mrs. Bruce Harman, Mrs. Henry Duck, Miss Macklem, Miss Perkins, Mrs. C. Ryerson, Mrs. Allan Baines, Mrs. Gosling, Mrs. C. C. Baines, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mrs. FitzGibbon, Mrs. Lovell, Mrs. C. C. Ross, Mrs. D. McArthur, Mrs. Harry Paterson, Mrs. Stewart Houston, Mrs. Arthur Grasset, Mrs. A. A. Macdonald, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. J. A. Strath, Mrs. John Wright, Mrs. C. Moss, Mrs. F. Arnold, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. Cummings, Mrs. W. G. Gooderham, Mrs. Betsford, Mrs. Julius Miles, Mrs. King Dicks, Mrs. Alfred Denison, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Mrs. D. Henderson, Mrs. A. Williams, Mrs. VanderSmitten, Mrs. Elmsley, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. Sweetman, Miss Conventon, Mrs. King, Mrs. Palmer, Miss Watson, Mrs. J. Ince, Miss Leys, Mrs. George Hagarty, Mrs. W. E. Cooper, Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. A. Mowat, Mrs. E. G. Palmer, Mrs. Bain, Mrs. Levy, Miss Field.

Mrs. George Gooch held her post-nuptial reception on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Fred Gooch, 86 Charles street. The bride was very handsome in a rich gown of pink faille, with guimpe and sleeves of white lace. Mrs. Fred Gooch, in a quiet black brocade gown, was the brightest and kindest of hostesses. In the dining-room a quartette of pretty girls, the Misses Mills, Miss Fidler, and Miss Campbell, were in charge of the tea-table, which was prettily decorated with deep red tulle and fronds of fern. Miss Lee, sister of the bride, a pretty blonde in very pale blue, was in the drawing-room with Mrs. George Gooch, who will receive on Fridays at 110 Dovercourt road during the season.

A family group who were greeted by many bows and smiles at the Otter banquet were Mrs. Hendrie, of the Holmstead, Hamilton, Miss Anne Hendrie, recently returned from a long sojourn in Paris; Captain Hendrie, who joined them after the banquet was served, and Miss Brown, his handsome fiancée, with her stalwart brother, who cavalcaded the party.

Miss Lillian Hughes is visiting her sister, Mrs. O'Connor, of Ottawa. Mr. W. C. Muir, of Pittsburg, is spending a vacation in town, and is at Mrs. Duckworth's, St. George street. Many friends have welcomed him back, and are glad to see him almost recovered from a serious illness and able to take part in the good times incident to the season.

Mrs. John D. Hay, whose accident in Hamilton has laid her up for weeks with a broken ankle, was one of the most besieged of women at her first appearance among her friends at the Armouries on Wednesday.

The young folks' tea given by Mrs. Dwight for her daughter on Saturday was a lovely affair, and much enjoyed by the "jeunesse doree." Mrs. Dwight and Miss Maude received in the drawing-room, the tea-room being under the care of Mrs. Harton Walker and a merry party of St. George street belles, Miss Melvin-Jones, Miss Madge Davidson, and the Misses McArthur, and Miss Wallbridge, of Madison avenue. Two or three young couples, whose recent addition to the ranks of the Benedicts does not bar them from young folks' good times, were also guests among Miss Dwight's young friends.

Waveney, whose spacious and elegant precincts it is impossible to crowd, even when three other big teas are not borrowing its guests before they have half enjoyed it, was the scene of a very smart reception on Saturday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham, great-grandparents whose early start in life together gives them honors far in advance of their years or appearance, with their tall and stately youngest daughter, Miss Violet, received in the drawing-room. Mrs. Gooderham was in a quiet rich black gown; Miss Gooderham in red, the flashing color and glowing silk admirably suiting her dusky hair and fine eyes. Mr. Gooderham, between the two ladies, gave his own hearty handshake and keen glance, the sailor look of the born yachtman, to each smart dame and man friend. He was looking quite his old self again, and got many a merry compliment from fair lips. The whole house was brightened with holly and beautiful flowers and smiles. In the dining-room the crowd soon gathered, where a huge buffet, beautiful with many pink roses and soft lights, was laden with those insidious viands which spoil one's dinner. Four married daughters of the house were in charge of this brilliant rendezvous, and Miss Wellington, Miss Aileen Gooderham and Miss Helen Boyd were fleet and observant maids in waiting. Very nice music was rendered by the Italians in the corridor. The guests were too numerous to mention, but represented Church, State, Army, and even Navy, not to enumerate the learned professions, and the litterlies who neither toil nor spin, except to spin yarns, some of which, by the way, are too funny for anything, and come via the Contingent officers.

On Sunday afternoon a certain charming home on the West side was the scene of a very pretty and quite informal little tea, in farewell to the bride and groom of last month, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan. Mrs. LeGrand Reed sang some lovely modern songs, and Mr. Anglin also gave great pleasure to the music-loving circle by singing a couple of fine songs, "Les Rameaux" in the original being truly a gem. By the way, talking of Mr. Anglin reminds me that our own Margaret is making a great hit in a new role, Mrs. Dane's Defence, to which she has lent the witchery of her most delightful grace and temperament. Miss Anglin's success is dear to Toronto, where her father and mother and other relatives have always been held in the highest esteem, and where she is herself welcomed and made much of on the rare holidays which she spends among us. In portraying the baseness of Mrs. Dane, the New York "Sun" says: "She brought to bear the keen intelligence and exquisite sensibility which she has been well known to possess, and besides an emotional power not before displayed." Mrs. Anglin is residing with her daughter in New York, where the fascinating Irish girl lives almost a life of seclusion, neither her tastes nor her ambitions descending to the rush and turmoil in which she might so easily reign a queen, did she not prefer the higher and rarer pleasures.

The engagement of Mr. Frank C. T. O'Hara, private secretary to the Hon. Sir Richard Cartwright, and second son of the late Robert O'Hara, Master in Chancery, of Lydian, Chatham, and Miss Helen Corby, daughter of Mr. Harry Corby, of Belleville, is announced. This announcement has been looked for some time by friends of the happy couple, who are now sending congratulations. Mr. O'Hara is one of Ottawa's most popular and courtly young men, and an officer in that smart corps, the Governor-General's Foot Guards, and Miss Corby and her handsome sister have, during the season, been easily most admired among the many smart women who sojourn at the Capital with their Member or Senator relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Billett, the shortness of whose former sojourn in Toronto was so regretted by their friends, are again in town, en pension at Mrs. Mead's, where Mrs. Billett receives on Fridays. Their late sojourn in the far north, where Mr. Billett was ordered by the bank, was full of interest.

Mrs. Richards, of Winnipeg, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Julius Miles, with whom she has attended several of the week's smart affairs. Mrs. Richards was looking very well and bright at the presentation tea on Wednesday.

WM. STITT & CO.

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

A Choice Assortment of all the Latest Novelties for Afternoon, Evening and Dinner Gowns.

MILLINERY

The latest productions in trimmed Millinery. Oatrich Boas, Ruffs and Fichus.

CORSETS

Our Corsets, with the curved waist lines, straight fronts, rounding hips and low bust effects, will produce an elegance of figure that no other corsets can. Special corset-fitting rooms.

GLOVES, special for Xmas trade
Two Clasp Gloves, in all colors, \$1.00 and \$1.25. Derby Walking Gloves. Moha Gloves, lined and unlined. Evening Gloves in all the newest shades and fits. Men's Gloves a specialty.

FANS, for Xmas presents

Oatrich, Feather, Lace and Gauze.

A Souvenir Glove Powder Box Given With Every Pair of Gloves

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Tel. 888

11 & 13 King Street East

GOWANS KENT & CO

Rich Cut Glass

Brilliance of Color

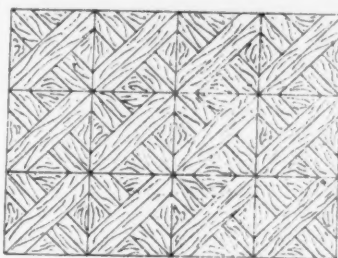
Symmetry of Form

Richness of Pattern

These are some of the qualifications of perfect pieces.

If interested, visit our Cut Glass Department, or write for information.

14-16 FRONT ST. E.



We are manufacturers of Hardwood floors, and deal direct at close prices. Our floors are unequalled for style, finish and durability. Send us your plan or measurements and we will quote you for the material necessary at net figures, or write for our revised price-list and catalogue.

The Elliott & Son Co.

LIMITED

79 King Street West

Toronto

Original Parchment Vellum



with envelopes to match, will adorn many new century—delights all refined people. Ask your stationer for this beautiful note-paper, manufactured by

The Barber & Ellis Co., Limited, Toronto

FLOWERS

in any quantity or design shipped to any part of Canada and guaranteed to arrive in absolutely fresh condition.

Every function and festivity of life is brightened by

Dunlop's

FAMOUS

Roses, Violets, Carnations

and other seasonal flowers.

Send for descriptive price-list.

5 KING ST. WEST

445 YONGE ST.

We Are Showing

A CHOICE LOT OF ENGLISH GONGS AND CHIMES

Write for our Holiday List

Rice Lewis & Son

LIMITED

Cor. King and Victoria St., Toronto



Shawls and Spencers

Real Shetland hand-knit wool shawls, in white and black, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.50.

Orenburg (imitation Shetland) wool shawls, white, black and fancy, 75c., 90c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.40, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 to \$5.00 each.

Honeycomb and fancy knit wool shawls, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00.

Real Shetland hand knit wool Spencers, white or gray, \$1.00 each.

JOHN CATTO & SON

King Street—opposite the Post-Office.

TORONTO

EXSHAW'S, MARTELL, HENNESSY

COOKING BRANDIES

GEO. W. COOLEY

Telephone 3089 567 Yonge Street



HOF-BRAU
(Liquid Extract of Malt)

The Health Builder
Makes Flesh and Blood
Makes Strong the Weak

The only Malt Extract on the market prepared in a similar manner to the world-famed HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT

Manufactured in Cologne, Germany, where Mr. L. Reithardt graduated in 1870.
2 FOR 25c.
FOR SALE BY All Druggists

ASSEMBLY HALL

SUPPER ROOM

Confederation Life Building

Highly adapted for Public and Private Assemblies, At Homes, Banquets, Bazaars, Concerts, etc. Perfect floor for dancing. Complete system of ventilation. Furnished dressing and retiring rooms.

For full particulars apply to—

A. M. CAMPBELL,

Telephone 2351, 12 Richmond St. East.

CHRISTMAS CAKES

Of finest quality, covered with Almond Icing and handsomely decorated. Shipped by express to all parts of the Dominion.

Five Pounds and Upwards
40 cents per Pound.

Our Catalogue tells about a great many other good things to eat. It is mailed free to those who mention this paper.

The Harry Webb Co.

LIMITED

447 YONGE ST., TORONTO

The Teas, Luncheons and Receptions served by Geo. S. McConkey, 27 and 29 King St. West, are in the delectable form and are perfection of the Caterer's art.

CHOICE

Christmas Cards and Calendars
Dainty Boxes of Note Paper and Envelopes in Newest Tints
Xmas Books and Booklets

MISS E. PORTER,

Ladies' Work Depository

STATIONERY DEPARTMENT

47 King Street West
TORONTO

Social and Personal.

The holiday week is usually quite an "off" one socially. Most families foregather in such numbers that their own affairs are absorbing; children have special license to demand time and trouble on the part of their elders for their entertainment, and we hear more of visiting relatives, Christmas trees and juvenile dances than of the more formal and mayhap less enjoyable gatherings of the strictly society type. This season there has been a distinct disturbing of this order in the homecoming celebrations offered to the returning soldiers. The splendid banquet of the 27th and the large reception of the 29th, for instance. At the former, Colonel Otter was the honored individual; at the latter his fine young officer, Captain Jas. C. Mason, was the cynosure of all eyes for at least three-quarters of the time. It must be confessed that when Colonel Otter and the "Lighthouse" (as tall Captain Archie McDowell has been nicknamed by his lesser in stature comrades) did arrive there was a rush to meet and greet them on the part of the fickle fair ones, Colonel and Mrs. Mason were the picture of happiness in their beautiful home on Saturday, as they welcomed the hundreds of friends who came to congratulate them upon getting their soldier son back into the family circle, once more. As for Captain Jim, he stood the hero worship with his usual good-nature and modesty, laughing a bit when the compliments grew too warm, but unaffectedly thanking everyone for taking such kindly interest in his welfare. The tea, needless to say, was a great success. Everybody was in holiday humor, and the Mason home will never encircle a jollier crowd. Miss Cooper, Mrs. Mason's sweet sister, was an able assistant to the host and hostess, and was the supreme ruler of the cutest "tent" refreshment room, all lined with white, wreathed with green and glowing with the colors of victory and the Empire. This was not the "tea-room," where a huge buffet, brilliant with crimson ribbons and roses and crimson shaded candles, was filled with laughing, chattering people, but just an overflow meeting, where choice spirits gathered in twos and threes. A bevy of pretty girls waited upon the guests—Misses Law, Falconbridge, Miller, Millicham, Hughes, Taylor, Thompson and Stewart—each most winning and kind and watchful. The Italian orchestra played in the hall, and once or twice impromptu choruses burst forth when the music of the war was heard. Among the guests I saw Miss Mowat, Commander Law, Mr. Sydney Band, A.D.C., Colonel and Mrs. Young, Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Colonel and Miss Eva Delamere, Colonel and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Justice and Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Falconbridge, Colonel Graveley, Hon. A. S. Hurley, Captain and Mrs. Brooke, Captain and Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Major and Mrs. Greville Hurston, Captain Wyatt, Mr. and Mrs. Carlon, Mr. and Mrs. Foy and Miss Foy, Dr. and Mrs. Lehmann, Mrs. and Miss Barker, Miss Wornum, Mr. and Mrs. Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Creelman, Miss Jennings, Mrs. John Wright, Mrs. Cameron, Dr. G. S. and Mrs. Ryerson, Major and Mrs. Wallace, Mr. Roy Wood, Miss Ravenshaw, Mr. W. Muir, Mr. E. Monck, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor of Florsheim, Miss Taylor, Captain and Miss Sloan, Mrs. Sloan, Major Stimson, Miss Rowland, Hon. and Mrs. G. W. Ross and Miss Kate Ross, the Misses Drynan, Mr. and Mrs. Hedley, Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis, Mr. Lincoln Hunter, Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, Dr. and Mrs. King, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Mr. Dickson Patterson, Mrs. Sweeney, Mrs. and the Misses Monahan, Mr. Millicham, Mr. and Mrs. Brock, Miss Brock, E. Charles Roach, Mrs. Lynn, Mrs. McDowell, Miss Marie McDowell, Miss Resta Murray, and many others, the constant arrivals from the other big teas going on in a most bewildering manner until the very last moment.

Captain Barker has been quite indisposed this week, in common with many another whose presence is missed by their friends from the merry-making of the new century.

Major Macdougall went away last week for a short trip and rest, and has returned to town some days ago.

Young people's dances are still easily first among functions. A Christmas week dance which was perfectly charming, was given by Mrs. Walter Beardsome for her soldier son from Halifax, Mr. Charlie Beardsome, on the 28th. Only half a dozen married guests graced this bright affair, and among the season's debutantes were the Misses Macdonald, Athol Boulton, Grace Peters, Nettie Barwick, Cayley, Matthews, Evelyn Cameron, Sprague, Helmut, Keating and Gladys Nordheimer, a bevy of sweet girls of whom society is justly proud.

Mrs. George Carruthers of Winnipeg went home to her people in Port Huron for a holiday visit, and spent a few days at the Queen's here, en route. Miss Matthews of St. George street went down to visit Mrs. Shaughnessy in Montreal, and was one of the belles of Mrs. Montague Allan's New Year's Eve dance at Ravensara. A dinner preceding the dance was given by her hostess, Mrs. Shaughnessy, in honor of this one of Toronto's loveliest maidens. Miss Matthews goes south very shortly to friends in New Orleans.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler went down to Montreal for the Christmas holidays. Mr. E. B. Osler of Craigleigh was the host of Mr. Winston Churchill at a smart luncheon at the Toronto Club on Saturday. Mr. Fred Beardsome came up from Montreal to visit his relatives at Chudleigh.

Many Toronto people who met that delightful Frenchman, Hon. Justice Routhier of Quebec, during his visit to his daughter, Mrs. Sutton, wife of Mr. F. Clifford Sutton of the R. C. Dragoons, will be interested in the publication of his book on Quebec, which is just out. With characteristic gallantry Judge Routhier dedicates his book to Lady Minto, whose portrait and letter of acceptance are included within its covers. The presentation copy is bound sumptuously in red

morocco and gold, and is set in a white plush-lined box, covered with alligator skin. "Quebec and Levis, to the Dawn of the Twentieth Century," is the title, and those who know the gifts of style and the interest and knowledge he has lent to the history of his beloved city.

The account of the Otter banquet which I was able to give last week was necessarily incomplete. The evening was even more brilliant than any forecast suggested. An episode which seems to have been generally missed was when the guest of honor, struggling with the giant task of expressing feelings too subtle and deep for words, was greeted by a cheery whoop from a side table of the old lacrosse cry, "Chelmo," and called back, "Ah, Chelmo; that takes me too far back!" Colonel Otter, who has always kept himself in highest training and invincible health, by hard exercise, was once president of the Toronto Lacrosse Club, whose club cry was that queer Esquimaux word which rang through the banquet hall, and which means, "We are friends," "Comrades," or "one of us." I've heard it translated. Immediately after the cry, a wonderful lacrosse stick, all blue ribbons, was handed to the guest of honor from his old pals. The cheery cry and the diversion of thought evidently gave the Colonel his second wind, for he got along with his acknowledgments in fine shape afterwards. A very popular guest at the table of honor was Colonel Buchanan of London, a monster warrior in khaki, who was cheered and implored for a speech, but all in vain. "Larry" was forced to leave the table and take refuge under the wing of his host, Mr. Cawthra of Yealand Hall, for certain hardy shouters would not desist in their calls for a few words from him so long as he remained on the dais. He does look well after his hard times. An interesting little group were at the table of honor—the three war correspondents, John Ewan, Frederick Hamilton, and Stanley McKeown Brown. When the health of Colonel Otter was proposed, the knights of the Round Table, all in their neat blue uniforms, and led by their smart colonel, leaped to their feet, clined to their chairs, and with "Kats on the table" made a handsome picture indeed, as they raised their glasses high with one shout of "Otter!" They are just built right for such a caper, those trim, smart, slim chaps, after the Queen's own taste! A snapshot of that Round Table and its knights would be well worth reproducing.

As to the galleries, they blossomed like the gardens of the Persians, roses, lilies, forget-me-nots, iris, laburnum, every flower that blows had its tint and every pretty gown a prettier wearer. Queen of them all, a little queen, but radiant with pride and happiness, sat the wife of the guest of honor, Mrs. Mason, wife of the chairman, was beside her, Miss Mowat, Mrs. Mowat, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Sweeney, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Miss Jennings, Mrs. Macdougall, Mrs. Gooderham, were a much interested and smart party in the same vicinity.

A little bird is saying that a charming dance is shortly to be given for a petite debutante of St. George street, who make always a most perfect little hostess. At time of writing I don't think the particulars are arranged.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan left for Portage at 1.45 on the holiday, starting for their new home on a New Year's day particularly memorable. A family party saw them off, and never did a happier looking or sweeter bride leave behind her an inconsolable circle of relatives and friends.

Many Toronto friends who admired Miss Gladys White of Quebec during her stay in Toronto as the guest of Mr. Harry Patterson will rejoice with her in the safe return of her bridegroom from the war next week. Captain Ogilvie and his bride were parted six weeks after their marriage, the cable meeting them at Liverpool on their wedding trip, and the anxieties of the war followed very shortly the happiness of their honeymoon. Mrs. Ogilvie went to Halifax to meet the transport Rosslyn Castle last week. Captain and Mrs. Ogilvie will probably visit friends here this winter.

Winston Churchill surprised himself by the evidence of his "drawing" power which confronted him when he walked out before last week's audience. A gorgeous party of living flowers indeed was the terrace slope of the huge first gallery in Massey Hall. The place, above and below, was crowded with the smartest of the smart, to hear the son of the late clever and erratic "courtesy lord" tell how he tricked the tricky and got through by nerve and pluck from Boer prison to freedom on neutral ground. We've all read all about it long ago, but it was interesting to hear from the pleasant-spoken young chap himself the great story. Another chance with popular prices and the freedom of the house to the returned soldiers of the Queen is to be given by the management this evening to hear Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P., and he's going to tell more things and probably newer things than he did at the last lecture. By the way, I do think Tommy Atkins should be given a double ticket for his complimentary show.

There isn't much fun in going with the same crowd of men night after night, while one best girl stays home or sits afar off with pa and ma. Let Tommy have a change, and give him a greater pleasure by making the ticket read "and lady" some evening. For obvious reasons, this is a purely disinterested tip.

Last Thursday Captain McDowell had his turn as hero-guest at the gala given in his honor by the Misses Hall of the Queen's Park, which I understand as being among this week's jollities. Captain McDowell has been greeted with cheers and pleasure on the cinematograph several times during his absence. His working clothes and stalwart proportions and great stride never failed to wake a shout of recognition as he tramped across the canvas with beaming face and arms and lusty strength in his music. Now Captain Archie is taking a rest, groomed and shaven and yet those pictures

Patent Kid Boots



For Dress Occasions, Parties and Dinners

The well dressed man never thinks of appearing in any other foot dress but Patent Leathers.

PATENT KID, on account of its soft pliable nature, gives much better wear and does not crack like Patent Leather.

We have just received a shipment of Men's Button and Lace Boots made of Patent Kid, and can recommend same to be far superior to shoes made of Patent Leather.

All widths now in stock—H to E.

KINGSLEY & CO.
186 Yonge Street.

Our Specialties

At Home Cards

Visiting Cards

Wedding Invitations

Engraved or Printed by the
Bain Book & Stationery Co.
96 YONGE STREET

stay in our memories, making very real and vivid the pluck and grit and value of this fine young soldier.

The third annual dinner of the Bishop Ridley College Old Boys' Association took place on Saturday evening last at the Temple Cafe. It was a great success, a large number of old boys being present from all parts of the country. The large dining-room was very nicely decorated in the colors of the college, orange and black. The chair was taken by E. M. Hooper, M.D., of St. Catharines (president), and beside him were Mr. Mason, Rev. H. J. Cody, H. G. Williams, M.A., Mr. Hendrie, and a number of masters of the college. The toast list was: The Queen, Our Country, The College, The Masters, The Old Boys. The following "Old Boys" proposed the toasts: Mr. W. R. Wadsworth, Mr. Hoyle, Mr. Gerald Wade, Mr. C. L. Mr. Hooper, and others. The success of the dinner was greatly due to the good work of Mr. H. C. Griffith, the honorary secretary. The committee was as follows: Messrs. A. C. Snively, C. Lee, Gerald Wade, W. R. Wadsworth, C. McDonald.

On the evening of December 26th a quiet wedding was solemnized at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. James Christie, 17 Sword street, the contracting parties being Mr. Edward R. Briggs of Toronto and Miss Florence M. Christie. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. G. R. Turk. Miss Christie was attended as bridesmaid by Miss Alice Jacques, while Mr. C. A. Withers was groomsmen. Only the friends and relatives of the contracting parties were present. The bride received many valuable and handsome presents, and the bridesmaid the recipient of a handsome pearl pendant from the groom, and the groomsmen also received a handsome pearl horseshoe pin.

On Friday evening, December 28th, Dr. and Mrs. Mathieson gave a dance in honor of their son, Master Milner, who is home from Upper Canada College for his holidays. Mrs. Mathieson received in black grenadine, ornaments diamonds. The house party consisted of Miss Tytler, niece of the hostess, charming in a white lace gown over taffeta silk, ornaments pearls, and Master Willie Tytler, of Guelph; pretty Miss Bryan of Winnipeg, in a dainty gown of white silk; Miss Grace Powell of Detroit, in a French gown of yellow and black orandine; Miss Fisher of Stratford, in grey bengaline, with scarlet trimmings; Mr. Watson, B.A. of Toronto and Master John Bell, of Otterburn. Other out-of-town guests were Mrs. Moscrop, in a beautiful gown of pink and green; Miss Fraser, in handsome brocade; Messrs. Moscrop, Hamilton, Pantou, Robertson, Gordon, and Forbes, all of Stratford; Dr. Kennedy of London, and Dr. Lang of Granton.

Misunderstood.

Bishop Brindle was once dining at Sir Evelyn Wood's, and was reading with great gusto the following tale—well known, doubtless, to many readers, but it may be repeated to give point to the adventure which followed: "A little boy was going out to a party, and his mother impressed upon him that he was on no account to touch trifles—that dyspeptic delight of youth. 'But, mother,' objected the small boy, 'if they bring me some?' 'You must say, 'No, thank you.' 'And if they bring it to me again?' 'You must say, 'No, thank you.' But they won't do that; it would be rude.' "The small boy went to the party, and in due course returned, somewhat subdued in manner. 'Well,' said his mother, 'I hope you were a good boy, and remembered what I told you.' 'Yes, mother, but they was awful rude to me. Why, what did they do?' 'They brought me three times.' 'Very rude, indeed, darling, and of course you said 'No, thank you.' 'I said 'No, thank you,' twice, but I

Pure, Healthful, Economical.

Lovers of the cup that cheers, invigorates and gently stimulates, leaving no ill after effects, ought to use Fry's Concentrated Cocoa because its great purity makes it the most economical Cocoa as well as best!

It dissolves easily and quickly. It has taken medals everywhere for its superior excellence. A quarter-pound tin of it costs but 25 cents, yet it makes fifty cups of rich, delicate Cocoa.

Fry's Cocoa.

Made in England but sold everywhere.

"It is a Fownes"

That is all you require to know about a Glove. They are made for women and men. Demand them from your dealer.

B. M. & T. Jenkins
The Antique Shop (PHONE 1275)

For unique and rare presents in perfect taste including:

Old Chippendale and Sheraton

Cabinets
Chairs
Devonports
Sofas
Divans
Wine Coolers
Jardiniers

Sideboards
Buffets, etc.
Tea Tables
Card Tables
Fancy Tables
Breakfast Tables
Extension and Ladies' Work Tables

OLD COLONIAL FURNITURE IN MAHOGANY AND ROSEWOOD

Rare Old Silver
Old Sheffield Plate
Old China

Curious Old Brass
Brick-a-Brac
Rare Bronzes

and hundreds of art objects too numerous to mention. Also a very rare collection of Elizabethan Carved Black Oak, including Chairs, Tables, Buffets, Dower and Robe Chests, etc., etc.

Upper and Lower Galleries now open to the public and will repay a visit. Our stock includes House Furniture of every description in Mahogany and Rosewood Furniture—all genuine Antiques. The only house in Toronto dealing in exclusive pieces.

422 and 424 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

BRANCHES—Montreal, London, Birmingham, Eng.

Store open till 9 p.m. till January 1, 1901.

For Chapped Hands

OR

A Rough Skin

Hooper's Meloderma

IS A ONE-NIGHT CURE

Use it before going to bed. . . . It is not sticky or oily.

IN BOTTLES, 25c.

The Hooper Company

LIMITED

43 and 45 King Street West

Sundays open all day.

didn't know what to say next time. 'And what did you say?' 'I just said like papa does at dinner when he's cross, 'Fake this durned thing away!'

Scarcely were the last words uttered with dramatic energy, out of the Bishop's mouth, when a passing footman said with a hasty 'I beg your pardon, sir,' swooped down on his half-finished plate, and bore it swiftly away, to the amusement of the other guests, and his lordship's utter bewilderment.

An Illustrious Couple.

Boston Transcript.
The young person who is dependent on such doctored histories as Abbott's of the Empress Josephine, and who imbibes the idea that the wife of Bonaparte was a poor, abused, woman, with a heart that actually broke when the State divorced her from him, will be set to thinking, after reading M. Frederic Masson's remarks concerning this picturesque couple. As matters look to him from this distance, with all the facts he has been able to collect, he opines that Josephine was the first of the two to wish for a divorce, not for State reasons and not for any reason except that she was becoming tired of him. She believed, in fact, that he wasn't a positive necessity to her happiness. Still, she did later, as a good many other persons do, learn to estimate her possessions at the appraisal of others, and when she saw him leading a good part of the world around by the nose, she came to think that she didn't want to leave him, after all, or rather she didn't want him to leave her. There's nothing new, of course, to be said about the material facts in the lives of Napoleon and Josephine; still, they form such

DORNWEND'S

HAIR GOODS AND HAIR DRESSING



Call and inspect our Ladies' and Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Bangs, Switches, etc. Best value in America.

Have your hair attended to by our experts. Our new Sales and Hair-Dressing Rooms are now completed.

The Dorenwend Co.,
of Toronto, Limited
103-105 YONGE

PEMBER'S



Latest Paris Pompadour

If you want the latest, most artistic and natural styles in all kinds of Hair Goods, and at reasonable prices, PEMBER'S is the place you are looking for.

W. T. Pember
Hair Dealer and Scalp Specialist
127-9 and 778 YONGE ST.

KNOW THYSELF—The scientific interpretation of the palm, rendered by MADAME LIVINSKI, 391 Church St. Fee, 50c.

Manicuring and Chiropody
For Ladies and Gentlemen.

Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails treated by an expert chiropodist. R. A. Blackmore, 124 King Street West, opposite Rossin House Toronto. Tel. 1882

Interesting topics for students of times and morals that they are difficult to drop. Now, however, for moderns there's the psychological aspect of the relations of the two to be studied, and there's a deal to be said about that.

A Tale that is Told

A STORY OF THE LONDON MUSIC HALLS.



I DON'T think, Freddy, dear, it was very nice of you to have done that. I wouldn't do it again if I were you. It's not quite gentlemanly."

The words of advice were spoken so sweetly, in such a gentle voice, and came from such a delicious

mouth, that I took advantage of the crowd in the Row and lingered close behind the speaker and her companion. She certainly was a pretty girl. The great twist of auburn hair, drawn loosely back from ears as small and delicately pink as sea-shells, the graceful lines of her throat and shoulders, the tiny measure of her waist (it was almost small enough for me to have spanned with both my hands) all proclaimed her as beautiful and young. I put her down at one-and-twenty, for she moved and bowed to passing acquaintances with the air of a queen, and ease that it takes even the best bred girls two or three seasons to acquire. As she turned her head from time to time I caught brief glimpses of a lovely profile, full, limpid eyes, and a plaintive curve at the corners of a very scarlet little mouth.

Her companion was a schoolboy, correctly turned out in an immaculate Eton suit. He was as tall as my new-found divinity, and from the likeness he bore her I felt sure that he was her brother. They seemed devoted to each other, laughing and chattering like the children they were, with an everlasting exchange of "Freddie, darling," and "Kitsa, dearest."

A great number of people stared at them, and many bowed, so many that at last I made up my mind that the handsome brother and sister were the children of great people and well known in society. For the first time in my forty years of life I found myself regretting the passion for my old Manor House, my horses, dogs and sports, that since my Oxford days had kept me immured in the country eleven months out of every twelve.

Just then the pair before me reached the end of the Row, and sprang into a very smart cart. The young lady touched up the pony, and a second later was making for the gates, but not before I had time to see that her full face was even prettier than her profile. That afternoon I bought the latest thing in Lincoln & Bennett's, wired to my old housekeeper that my stay in London was indefinitely prolonged, and registered a vow to walk in the Row every morning.

At the end of a week I had seen her twice again, each time looking lovelier than before, and always accompanied by her brother. I had now decided that her face was the most perfect oval ever seen, and that the creamy pallor of her skin, dashed only with the deep gray of her large eyes and the brilliant red of her plaintive mouth, made up the highest standard of feminine beauty. In short, I was fathoms deep in love, and for the first time in all my self-indulgent, easy-going life. For the first time for twenty years I took to hunting up all my old friends, paying afternoon calls, attending evening cruises, in the hopes that one day I might meet that pretty girl in the drawing-room of a mutual friend. I begged for invitations to good houses, did Ascot week religiously, patronized Hurlingham on Saturdays, and, in short, broke through all my rules of life on the chance of winning a smile or a word from a girl I had passed three times in the Park.

But failure dogged my efforts and shortened my temper. I found gray hairs about my temples and I lost weight. I was, in fact, becoming such a morose and disagreeable person that I thought it rather nice of Jim Fane to come over to my table one night at the club and ask me to go with him that evening to the Diamond Music Hall.

Now, I hate music halls. The braying of the bands, the reek of the smoke, the swaying crowds, make me long more than does any other phase of London life for the pure, clean air, the murmurous sounds, the infinite peace of the country. But I said "Yes" to Fane, though his statement, a moment later, that Johnnie Villiers had thrown him at the last and that he hated going to these kind of places by himself, rather took the edge off the invitation.

"By Jove! We're in luck," said Vane, as we settled ourselves in our seats an hour later, and he scanned the programme. "The Renslers, Potts and Dotts, Sam Weno, Minnie Floyd, and Pussie Dering—she's the star turn. What a good bill they do give one here. Fool Villiers was not to come."

I thought so, too, for I fear Vane's second stall was wasted on me. It was not likely that I should meet my God-father of the Gray Eyes in such a place as the Diamond, so I soon gave up studying the house and forced my attention to the stage, where, however, I found little amusement.

"Getting restive, old fellow?" asked Vane, who was enjoying himself thoroughly. "Have a smoke. His new song would make a mite laugh—and then comes La Belle Dering. If you don't rave about her I shall think you are St. Anthony redivivus." And then he gave himself up to the conceits and funniments of Mr. Weno, after whose final exit there fell upon the audience the hushed pause of expectancy.

Suddenly, to the crash of the band and the roar of the audience, there dashed on to the stage a foam of drouces, a tossing mane of reddish hair, a whirl of round white arms and black silk legs. For five minutes this mad thing, with the form of a woman and the voice of a steam siren, danced, tumbled, leapt and awayed, till the house was in a frenzy, and the per-

former, with a series of "cart-wheels," left the scene of her triumphs.

"Isn't she a wonder?" exclaimed Vane, enthusiastically.

"She certainly is," I assented, politely, "unless she is made of indiarubber."

"Oh! no. Pussie's flesh and blood, right enough, as you'll see presently."

"Good gracious! Is she flaming on again?" I cried, with an involuntary shudder.

"No. Pussie only gives us one taste of her quality. But I'm going to take you to Harry Barton's rooms to supper. Pussie and a jolly crowd will be there."

"But I'd rather not go," I grumbled, as I got into my coat. The fleeting glimpses of Miss Pussie Dering's face that I had caught from among her tossing locks and flowing draperies had not pleased me. They recalled vaguely—no, let me be honest—too vividly, another face; a face sweet, and sad, and beautiful, a face I had grown to love. It had hurt me horribly to see eyes so like hers leering and winking, and the plaintive mouth stretched in a raucous laugh. So I tried to get off Barton's supper, but Vane overpowered me—said I was a fop and a sport—till for peace's sake I gave in.

"Don't look so glum about it," said Vane, as we bowed off in a hansom. "Pussie Dering won't eat you. She's rather an interesting woman—has a history and all that."

"Oh, I know those stories," I cried, shortly. "Born in the gutter, taught herself to read and write. Heard singing outside a public-house on a Saturday night by an impresario. First appeared in Vienna, then St. Petersburg, where the Tsar gave her a diamond necklace. Was the rage in Berlin, the pet of Paris, the darling of New York. Has lunched with President McKinley, and dined at Marlborough House. Has been on the stage fifteen years, and celebrates her eighteenth birthday next August. I know these women and their stories."

"But you don't. At least, not this one," said Vane, quietly. "You've got it all wrong. That woman is a lady by birth, with such blue blood in her veins that you would open your eyes if I told you her father's name. Only—her parents were never married—she didn't start quite fair, poor little thing! Yet all went well with her till she was twenty, and she might have married over and over again. Then she thought—as her mother had done before her—the world well lost for love. But he turned out a brute, and after a year he left her with a child and a broken heart, and went back to his wife. Her mother helped her as much as she dared; her father never saw her again. She starved, I believe, and they say that half the men in town tempted her. But the child saved her, and gave her strength to work. It's queer work, I acknowledge, but she's a great little artist in her way, and has brought up her son to adore her. Here are. Now, you've just got to admire and like Pussie Dering as much as we all do."

"As much as we all do!" God help me! They did not care for her whole body one tithe as much as I had cared for her little finger for weeks past. For you guess my story, of course. In the madcap music hall singer I found the girl I had been worshipping, the girl I had secretly hoped to meet one day and woo for my wife. I am proud now, in all my evergreen sorrow, to think that I hoped that till she herself denied me.

I had been to see her one day, when her boy—for the tall, handsome lad who called her "Kitsa" was her son—was out. I dared to tell her the story of the past two months—how I had seen and admired her; how I had thought of her as a young girl, as pure as she was beautiful; how I had loved her even more since I had heard her history. And then I went on my knees and took her small hands in mine, and implored her to let me take her away to a life of ease and honor, shelter and respect. I entreated her to let me give her boy a name, to call her my wife.

Her plaintive mouth trembled, and her soft gray eyes filled with tears. "Dear friend—nay, more than friend, for your love has stood the fiery test, the story of my most unhappy and crying life—why—why did you not speak to me of this a week—even three days ago?"

"Kitsa, had I but known that you would listen—had I but dared. But why do you hesitate now?"

"Because—" her dear voice broke.

"Nailed the Chap."

Her father in the "am" mind. "I never thought for one moment that coffee was the cause of my worn-out feeling and dull headaches and energy all gone, until I began to notice that my bad feelings came on every morning after drinking coffee for breakfast, no matter how well I felt when I got up."

"I began to think the subject over, and finally decided to try Postum Food Coffee in place of common coffee, and see if it was coffee that had been hurting me. After making the change I discovered, to my delight, that the headache and worn-out feeling did not come on after breakfast."

"After a very thorough trial I am fully convinced that coffee was the cause of my trouble, and that leaving it off and using Postum Food Coffee has restored me to health."

"My father, who has had very poor health for several years, quit coffee some time ago and began using Postum in place of it. It would surprise anyone to see how much he has improved."

"When I boil Postum twenty minutes and serve it immediately while it is hot, with good rich cream, I think it far exceeds any coffee."

"Please do not print my name."

This lady lives in Prairie City, Iowa. Her name can be given by the Postum Food Co., Limited, of Battle Creek, Mich.

with tears. "Because, a week ago I heard from the man who wronged and deserted me. His wife is dead; he asked me to marry him—for the boy's sake. Three days back I wrote and said 'Yes!' What else could I do? He is the father of my boy."

In a passion of grief she flung herself into my arms, and in that bitter-sweet moment the romance of my life died and was buried.

A paragraph in a paper told me a few weeks later that Miss Pussie Dering had left the stage, married a man of great wealth, and gone to live abroad.

I never go to London now, but once a year a tall, handsome, young fellow, with fine, gray eyes, comes to stay with me at the Manor House for the hunting and shooting. I am very fond of him, for he is Kitsa's son, and he is fond of me—for he knows I loved his mother.

The Army of Health.

The Army in the Philippines Insanitary Compared with his own.

If all the people in the United States, Canada and Great Britain who make daily use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets could be assembled together it would make an army that would outnumber our army of one hundred thousand by at least five to one.

Men and women who are broken down in health, are only a part of the thousands who use this popular preparation, the greater number are people who are in fair health, but who know that the way to keep well is to keep the digestion perfect and use Stuart's Tablets as regularly as meal time comes to insure good digestion and proper assimilation of food.

Prevention is always better than cure, and disease can find no foothold if the digestion is kept in good working order by the daily use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Mr. Thomas Seale, Mayfield, Calif., says: "Have used and recommended Stuart's Tablets because there is nothing like them to keep the stomach right."

Miss Lelia Dively, 4627 Plummer street, Pittsburg, Pa., writes: "I wish everyone to know how grateful I am for Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. I suffered for a long time and did not know what ailed me. I lost flesh right along until one day I noticed an advertisement of these tablets, and immediately bought a 50 cent box at the drug store. I am only on the second box and am gaining in flesh and color. I have at last found something that has reached my ailment."

From Mrs. Del. Eldred Sun Prairie, Wis.: "I was taken dizzy very suddenly during the hot weather of the past summer. After ten days of constant dizziness I went to our local physician who said my liver was torpid and I had overheard my blood; he doctored me for two weeks without much improvement. I finally thought of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets (which I had used long before for various bad feelings) and the first three tablets helped me."

"They are easily the best all around family medicine I ever used."

The army of people who take Stuart's Tablets are mostly people in fairly good health, and who keep well by taking them regularly after meals. They contain no opiates, cocaine or any cathartic or injurious drugs, simply the natural peptones and digestives which every weak stomach lacks.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by druggists everywhere in United States, Canada and Great Britain.

The other came from over seas. A fellow suave and frisky, with accents modeled on a sneeze, in gaming somewhat risky.

He wore fair Ethelred. Now she's The Countess Schmidtowski.

The Art of Pleasing Everyone.

NEW YORK "LIFE" has wound up the old century by an open confession of its shortcomings, and, going on to speak of the future, makes the following promises, which constitute a grim and biting satire on those journalists that never espouse an unpopular cause or confessing the grave faults which have made its career for nearly twenty years so mortifying to itself and so distressing to observers, it proposes in the future to say nothing, and to depict nothing, with which anyone can find any fault, and if by oversight it should say anything which falls in any quarter to give complete satisfaction, it promises on receipt of notice to take it right back and make amends. It will not again censure any person who has any friends or praise anyone who has any enemies. In every fight it will in future take the part of the uppermost dog, unless, indeed, the under dog looks very determined, in which case it will mount the fence and wait. It will not gibe at the British, except just enough to show its large and important Irish constituency that its heart beats as regularly for them as their numbers warrant. It will look upon the bright side of Tammany Hall and extol Mr. Croker's simple piety and astonishing resolution, unless the City grow strong enough to make that course unsafe. The Boers being now nearly thrashed, it will speak of them invariably with the contempt they deserve, as being small and backward potatoes and too few in a hill. It will denounce the Filipinos as rascal rebels, whose idea of self-government is to leave no plunder. It will watch very carefully the situation in Cuba, lying very low for the present and striving prayerfully to jump the way the cat does. The subject of lynching negroes it will avoid altogether as one impossible to treat without offending prejudices which are doubtless in many cases warranted by conditions and facts impossible to be realized by observers living in New York unless they spend the summer in town.

The liquor question, too, it will treat with great delicacy, applauding the noble rage of the Prohibitionists, but deploring that the force of habit and sinful inclination is all too likely in the future as in the past to frustrate the complete realization of their hopes. In religion it will try to steer a prudent course somewhere between the Devil and the deep sea. Medicine it will try in future to regard as an exact, rather than an experimental science, and it will give the doctors as much credit as it can without exciting the epistolary wrath of the Christian Scientists, and the Christian Scientists as much toleration as is possible without risking expulsion from all the doctors' offices. It will neither deride the rich nor flout the fashionable any more. All "Americans" living in London and all "Americans" families who have made alliances with noble European families, will be in a particular degree the objects of its forbearance, and their names shall go on its free list whenever they send word that their money is used up. It will make no thoughtless or untimely jokes about anyone. All its gibes shall be deodorized, and its sarcasms shall be sterilized and sugar-coated. "Life's" aim in the future shall be to please everybody, to be of everyone's opinion on all subjects, and if possible—and in so far as the mechanical exigencies of a weekly picture paper allow—to be so in good season if not beforehand. One lives but to learn. Not easily nor quickly, but with anguish, and as the result of long experience, "Life" has become aware that on any question which has two sides both sides are unsafe, and he who would avoid obloquy must keep his ear to the ground, have his storm-cellar handy, and practice agility in skipping into it."

neglect of duty and for long waits is under ground and out of ear-shot. The customer may express his sentiments and give vent to his feelings without maddening his employees. If any one downstairs should fall to load up the machine with the desired viands as quickly as the hungry man upstairs might desire, the latter may permit his wrath to explode with perfect safety. But there are many advantages. The only wonder is as to where the Chicago inventor will stop.

Money Saved.

There's a good story told on a young fellow here noted for his closeness, says the Louisville "Times." He went to spend the night with a friend. During the entire night he betrayed much restlessness, which kept the host wide-awake, and finally the slumberer betrayed signs of violent emotion. "He's going to have a nightmare," said the friend, "but he always scrambles so when you wake him up that I hate to disturb him." He waited a little longer, sitting up in bed staring at the miserable sleeper, and finally, becoming alarmed, he roused him. The close young man sprang up in bed, glared wildly around and said: "Where am I? I don't see the storm."

"Why, here in my room," said the host, soothingly; "you remember you stayed all night with me. I beg your pardon for waking you up, but you carried on so I had to."

"Beg my pardon?" gasped the guest. "I shall never be grateful enough to you. I dreamed I was out with Miss Bud, and a terrible storm came up, and my shoes were new, and I was just ordering a coupe for two when you roused me. Old boy, you have saved me a dollar."

And the host says he was actually afraid to go to sleep that night for fear the coupe would come.

A Growing Professional Abuse.

"Harper's Weekly."

We quite agree with the proposition, as laid down by a well-known New Yorker in a recent note to the editor of an evening newspaper published in this city, that one of the nuisances of recent times is the impressment into the service of public performers of patrons and patronesses. It happens so frequently that incompetence is bolstered up by the use of the names of the socially eminent that the socially eminent are often suspected of taking part in a great game of bunco by which the public are fleeced. The whole scheme is pernicious. If a man who lectures, or a woman who sings, or a pianist who plays, has real merit, all that is necessary to be done is that the individual should appear, perform the functions required by the occasion, and await the coming of glory and profit. The period of waiting may be long or short. This will all depend upon the quality of the work done. If it is bad the wait must be eternal. If it is good, recognition is sure, ultimately. One great name more or less will not help on the success, one great name more or less will not deter it. A thousand great names will not turn failure into success.

Woman's Profanity.

Chicago "Chronicle."

A popular actress has declined to deliver while playing a queenly role the declaration, "I will see him and his whole kingdom sunk in hell before I will marry Louis of France."

The personal fastidiousness of the player will strike a sympathetic public chord. It has long ceased to be fashionable for women to swear.

But as a Queen of the past the assumed would be false to fact if her lines were not rife with profanity. Not only queens, but all women swore roundly and habitually in good old English days. Their oaths were blasphemous to a degree that would revolt the most impious greenroom infector of the present. The "body" of God, the blood of the Saviour were favorite swearings of Tudor Queens, and—like mail, like mistress—of the courtly women of their epoch.

Court life further down than Elizabeth or Mary was characterized by swearing and worse. Women gambled in Fox's time as furiously as the aristocratic gamblers who lifted their trains or buckled their pillions on presentation days.

John was a gentleman well bred. But when he courted Ethelred. The maid replied, forthwith: "Oh, rather than I do and and than be plain Mrs. Smith."

Her Choice.

The other came from over seas. A fellow suave and frisky, with accents modeled on a sneeze, in gaming somewhat risky.

He wore fair Ethelred. Now she's The Countess Schmidtowski.

An Automatic Eating Place.

In this age of progress and invention it is well to be prepared for any kind of a story a Chicago newspaper may tell. We have not yet been gravely informed that a Chicago man has invented a machine that will, in the future, obviate the necessity for food, "thereby saving great labor and expense in the production and preparation thereof," but it may come to that. Indeed, the bent of the inventive mind or of the Chicago reporter's genius seems to be in that direction.

The most recent announcement of an invention intended to bring mankind in close connection with his food supply is by the Chicago Record and contains a description of the patenting of a slot machine restaurant, which will serve hot meals in less than one minute, without the attendance or service of waiters, a manager and a cigar boy constituting the necessary "help."

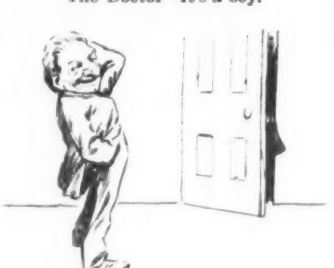
The secret mechanism for this unique device is in the basement. No one handles the money; the check system is wiped out; there are no milk, water and coffee urns; no shelving nor drawers, no dishes except those from which the meal is being eaten. The only furniture of the restaurant are tables and chairs.

When a customer enters the eating house and is seated he finds in a metallic frame in front of him a bill of fare, arranged in a new kind of slot machine, made for coins of all denominations from five cents to \$1. The price of each article of food is stated on the bill of fare, as in other restaurants, and opposite each article is the appropriate slot, enabling the customer to know the price of what he wants and to insert a coin of the proper denomination. If he wants coffee or pie he drops five cents in the slot opposite the word pie or coffee on the bill of fare.

One of the advantages of this arrangement is found in the fact that everybody who may be responsible for



The Doctor—It's a boy.



That's great. Just what I've been—



The Doctor—And a girl!



"Doctor, if you go in that room again I'll blow your head off."—N. Y. "Life."

One Opinion of Dogs.

Across the top of the first page of the Atchison "Weekly Globe" is printed in large type: "The Best Dog Is the Common Cur Dog. Nobody objects to Killing a Cur. That's Why It Is The Best Dog."

Cleanliness



Is next to impossible to find in dental offices. It is a sad fact, but self-evident. It is the duty of every patient to be most particular in this respect. In just the matter of cleanliness in the dentist's office or operating room is evidenced his care or his carelessness in your reception and in his work. Our instruments are thoroughly sterilized after each operation. The room, chair and spittoons are carefully cleaned. A fresh, clean linen cover protects the clothes of each patient.

Little courtesies, to be sure, but they express cleanliness—which certainly isn't a little matter.

NEW YORK REAL PAINLESS DENTISTS
Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Streets,
ENTRANCE: No. 1 ADELAIDE EAST.
DR. C. F. SCHMIDT, Prop. TORONTO

A BUSINESS EDUCATION

The new term of this well-equipped and thorough-going business college opens January 3rd. Have you registered?

Book-keeping, stenography, typewriting, penmanship, business law and advice taking.

British American Business College
Y. M. C. A. Building,
Cor. Yonge & McGill Sts., Toronto.
DAVID HOSKINS, Chartered Accountant, Principal.

ASTHMA PERMANENTLY CURED.

ONE BOTTLE FREE. A most effective remedy where other complications have not been present. Dr. Clarke's wonderful discovery in curing Asthma marks one of the most important advances in medical science. Rev. C. H. Wisker, 241 Sackville St., Toronto, Can., writes: "For ten years my wife suffered from Asthma and Bronchitis. For months she could sleep only sitting up in a chair, physicians constantly attending her, but she became no better. Four bottles of Clarke's Asthma Compound have completely cured her and for more than a year she has been entirely free from any sickness. I consider it a wonderful cure. A regular 10-cent sample bottle and book on Asthma will be sent free to any person troubled with Asthma or Bronchitis. Enclose 6 cents in stamps for postage. Address—The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Limited, Chemists, 121 Church St., Toronto, Can."

Established 1856

Head Office—38 King Street East
Telephone 131

P. BURNS & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Coal and Wood

MERCHANTS

TORONTO, CAN.

Good Clean Fresh Mined Coal Arriving Daily

BRANCH OFFICES:

Front Street, near Bathurst.....Telephone 132
Princess Street Docks....." 130
572 Queen Street West....." 139
1394 Yonge Street....." 828
304 Queen Street East....." 134

To Maintain an Equable Temperament—To Avoid Chills, Wear

Jaeger UNDERWEAR
PURE WOOL
CENTRAL CANADIAN DEPOT
65 KING ST. TORONTO.

men of their epoch. Court life further down than Elizabeth or Mary was characterized by swearing and worse. Women gambled in Fox's time as furiously as the aristocratic gamblers who lifted their trains or buckled their pillions on presentation days.

FALSE REPORT . . .

MADAME LA BELLE

(PREMIER)

The Great European Complexion Specialist

111-113 KING ST. WEST

says she is going to stay in Canada; Toronto is a beautiful city and the women lovely. Her work has been appreciated. She thanks the ladies for their kindly attention in the past, and hopes still more patronage will be extended to her.

Madame La Belle is now giving a Christmas gift of her own preparation with every order or every treatment. Have your skin improved. Lines and wrinkles removed, superfluous hair destroyed by her latest method: your Finger Nails manicured; your Toes taken out painlessly; then you'll feel good, look well and be perfectly happy for the holiday. Office Hours, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Classes open for Students. Tel. 8617.

Madame La Belle To-Day.



Madame La Belle To-Day.



Madame La Belle To-Day.

Extra Values in Carpet Squares

We are now sorting out all our fine carpet ends to be made up at once into carpet squares. We have a splendid assortment of Axminster and Wilton ends that in some cases range as high as \$3.50 a yard. Leave your measurements and we will make up any of these—charging nothing for the making up—at the rate of \$1.00 a yard. Brussels squares made up at the rate of 75c a yard. We have also laid out for immediate selling carpet ends measuring 14 yards each in fine Brussels at 65c, to 85c, a piece and Wilton and Axminsters at \$1.50 a piece.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO., Limited

36-38 King Street West, Toronto



The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co's Baby's Own Soap makes youngsters, clean, sweet, and fresh.

It keeps their delicate skins in good order. Made entirely from vegetable fats, it is an emollient as well as a cleanser, and is as useful on a baby's toilet as in the nursery. Faintly but exquisitely aromatic.

Beware of imitations.

Valuable Documents

Such as wills, legal and insurance papers should be placed in a positively secure and convenient place. Our safe deposit vaults are positively fire proof and burglar proof. Private boxes to rent (for any length of time) at a small sum. Inspection invited.

The Trusts & Guarantee Co., Limited.

CAPITAL, \$2,000,000.

14 King Street West, Toronto.
Office and Safe Deposit Vaults.

President—HON. J. R. STRATTON.

T. P. COFFEY, Manager.

A. E. AMES & CO.

BANKERS AND BROKERS

18 and 20 King Street East, Toronto

Buy and Sell Investment Securities on Commission on all principal Stock Exchanges. Receive deposits; allow interest on deposits and credit balances; draw bills of exchange transact a General Financial Business.

A. E. AMES & CO. Members Toronto Stock Exchange.

Men Dressers.

We are not makers of men's clothing, but we help to keep men well and neatly dressed by dyeing and cleaning their garments. The coat you have discarded will look like new and span after it has gone through our hands.

PARKER, 187-191 Yonge Street, Toronto. Phones: 3037, 3640, 2143, 1004, 5098.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

W. D. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents. GENUINE MUST BEAR SIGNATURE. Purely Vegetable. CURE SICK HEADACHE.



Women's Slippers

Many a woman's foot has been spoiled by badly shaped slippers. You are sure to get a shapely and perfect-fitting slipper from us.

H. & C. BLACHFORD, 114 Yonge St

Curious Bits of News.

A man in perfect health, weighing 11 stone, has about 8 stone of water in his composition. That is to say, about 71 per cent. of man is water pure and simple.

A new use for literature! A "cultured" grocer in London gives away novels to purchasers of his tea, and varies the gift according to the quantity ordered.

Five hundred convalescents sleep, eat, and keep warm beneath roofs of nothing else but paper at Netley, England. There are forty-five of these long, narrow buildings, constructed entirely of paper, which shines white in the sun; each building holds ten invalided soldiers. "Hutments" is the technical name of these erections, and nothing warmer or drier could possibly be built. The whole town was built in less than a month.

The Marquis of Lansdowne owes his title and estates to a peddler, who was so poor that he lived in Paris for three weeks entirely on walnuts. Managing to earn an honest penny, he took out a patent for a letter-copying machine, wrote on art and science, practised chemistry and physics, summoned the first meeting of the Royal Society at his lodgings, was appointed an army physician, invented a double-bottomed ship to sail against wind and tide, founded iron works and opened lead mines, began a fishery and timber trade, and left a fortune to his sons. Such was the founder of the house of Lansdowne.

"While carefully handling a bag of Christmas mail in the postoffice," says a Milwaukee paper, "a clerk suddenly became conscious of an overpoweringly offensive odor. He dropped the pouch, and the odor increased in power. Eventually it was discovered that the tremendously emphatic effluvia arose from the breakage of a two-ounce bottle of oil extracted from that sleek but exceedingly odoriferous animal, the skunk. Who sent the stuff through the mails is not known, but before night many a Milwaukee man knew, through the medium of rank-smelling letters, that it had been sent."

Pope Leo XIII. does not speak English, though he began to learn it more than half a century ago, when he was Nuncio in Brussels, and made the acquaintance of a member of the Weld family. "Seat down!" is one of the few English phrases which he addresses now to English visitors to the Vatican. He is sensitive about his compositions; and when, some time ago, "Punch" quoted a sentence of one of his letters as translated, under the heading of "English as She is Spoken," the attendants at the Vatican were alarmed lest His Holiness should hear of it; for "Punch" is almost the only English paper to which Leo XIII. subscribes.

"The Song of the Skirt."

London "Truth" has revised Hood's "Song of the Skirt," and gives us a composition of which the following are sample verses:

With fingers weary and cramped,
And a wrist that was stiff with pain,
A lady walked, in a Paris gown,
Down Bond Street, in the rain.
Splash—splash—splash—
Through puddle and slush and dirt,
And half to herself, in a sobbing tone,
She sang this "Song of the Skirt":
"For Fashion's sake," she moaned,
"Full many a cross bear we;
Like abject slaves we bow
To her every new decree;
But of all the cruel modes
With which we women are cursed,
Our walking gown, with its trailing train,
Methinks is by far the worst!"

"Sweep—sweep—sweep—
Where the waste of the street lies thick;
Sweep—sweep—sweep—
However our path we pick;
Dust, bacillus, and germ,
Germ, bacillus, and dust,
Till we shudder and turn from the sorry sight
With a gesture of disgust.
"Drag—drag—drag—
Whatever our strength or health;
We have all to draw that heavy train,
Whatever our rank or wealth.
Whatever the dress has cost,
Fashion's laws we dare not shirk;
Old and young we alike must daily do
The scavenger's dirty work."

The Angel.

The Office Boy—There's a guy outside dat wants to get in the business. Theatrical Manager—Tell him to get out. The gall of these amateurs is— "He wants to back a company." "What are you letting him stand outside for you putty-headed idiot? Show the gentleman in at once!"—Indianaapolis "Press."

Wise Landlady.

Understands How to Increase Her Business.

The landlady of a certain restaurant in Brockton, Mass., had increased her business so rapidly that she had to enlarge her dining-room to accommodate the continually increasing patronage. One of her guests gives the reason.

"Every morning she serves her regular guests with Grape-Nuts and hot milk or hot cream in cold weather and cold cream in summer. I began eating this food and right away began to feel an improvement in my health. I had been terribly troubled with nervousness and dyspepsia and found it impossible to find a food that would agree with me, until I began boarding at this restaurant."

"The new food, in four months, increased my weight from 120 pounds to 145, and I never felt as well in my life as I do now. There is something remarkable in the sustaining power of this food. I have never been able to obtain such results from any other." G. R. Hersey, 30 L. street, Brockton, Mass.

"How are the late crops?" asked the farmer. "Oh, some are wearing them short, others medium length," answered the barber.

Books and Their Makers.

WRITING in the "Argonaut" of the inevitable projection of the author's own character, views and experience into his works, even when those works are purely imaginative fiction, Josephine Hart Phelps presents some curious facts discovered by her in examining the novels of a number of English writers, from Thackeray and Dickens down to the present time. I quote one paragraph to show her line of reasoning:

"In Red Pottage, by Mary Cholmondeley, I was struck by the spirit of intense yet narrow pride of birth which seemed to animate the author in writing of Hester, her pet heroine. So strong it seemed that I was very much inclined to think that Mary Cholmondeley herself belonged to an aristocratic family. There was also such a very great to-do about Hester's novel, and the authoress became so terribly worked up over its dismal destiny at the hands of the clerical brother that I suspected some personal element in the tone of the feeling, and immediately on finishing the book, looked up Diana Tempest, in the new edition of which the public was promised a biographical sketch of the writer's life. And there truly I found that Miss Cholmondeley had not her aristocratic name for nothing, for she belongs to a branch of the Marquis of Cholmondeley's family. Also, she transpires that Miss Cholmondeley is the daughter of a clergyman, and has had a sufficiently large number of clerics around her to become a little impatient of the special form of intolerance that is likely to be found among the most narrow and illiberal. And, furthermore, I discovered that Miss Cholmondeley's health broke down (like Hester's) after three and a half years spent in writing Diana Tempest. From all of which we may infer that Miss Cholmondeley takes herself very seriously, and is rather of the opinion that as a writer she stands near the footstools of the immortals, whereas, in fact, she belongs to the ranks of those who are a shade above 'The Duchess.'"

The Story of Laura Secord and Canadian Reminiscences have just been published by William Briggs. The author is Emma A. Currie. Though not a book for the casual reader, this volume cannot fail to interest any Canadian who has made a study of his country's early history. It is an important contribution, in fact, to the bibliography of historical sources. Its pages are brightened by some thirty odd illustrations from photographs and sketches.

Stanley J. Weyman has begun the publication of his new novel, Count Hannibal. Robert Louis Stevenson's cousin, Graham Balfour, has finished his memoir of the novelist. He has woven into it a number of new letters and some of Stevenson's unpublished literary fragments. The book will contain a full description of his life in Samoa.

Song Waves, the little volume of verse by the late Theodore Rand, D.C.L., will interest all lovers of poetry, and especially the many friends and admirers of the deceased scholar. I confess, however, that the beauty of Dr. Rand's poetry is either too subtle or too diluted to enthrall me. William Briggs is the publisher of this posthumous volume.

I agree with the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post" that the romance with a key is likely to become a nuisance. Israel Zangwill and Anthony Hope in their latest novels both drew pictures bearing startling resemblances to certain gentlemen prominent at present in the world's affairs. Morley Roberts seems in his last two novels to have followed the same idea. Mr. Roberts gave, frankly, a study of Mr. Cecil Rhodes in his novel, The Colossus, and of Lord Rosebery in his latest story, Lord Lintithgow. Now Mrs. Marie Connor Leighton, who writes sensational fiction in the cheap London magazines, has published, in A Napoleon of the Press, a very thinly disguised portrait of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, the proprietor of the "Daily Mail," and the chief in England of the school of journalism called "yellow" by those who do not like it. As the "Post" remarks, if everyone starts writing romances a clef the thing will grow tiresome.

Evolution of a Musician.

HE rested her chin in the palm of her hand and re-read the paragraph that decided the fate of the young musician.

"From a technical point of view his playing was perfect. He unraveled every sort of musical complication with refinement and finish. In fact, I do not remember any player, except possibly Paderewski, whose hands are capable of such cunning. He has the outward equipment of his profession at his fingers' ends, but the sense of the psychic in music is undeveloped. His playing is without soul and his shades of expression are evidently the result of a careful study of the pedal. When he has experienced emotions he may be able to transmit them. Until then he will remain simply a prodigy in technique."

A slow, strange smile appeared to creep up from her lips to her eyes. Then she went to her desk and wrote a short note. She was called an unprincipled woman by the women of her set. It was because many men had loved her. She thought of this as she wrote the young musician's name on the envelope, and the smile crept up again into her eyes and lingered there.

It was a cosy little tea party. She presided, seated in a small chair, with a daintily appointed table drawn up to her side. There were several artists, several musicians and one or two literary men. The young musician was there. He was a frequent caller now. His glance wandered from her dark hair to her eyes, dreamily lustrous. For the first time in his life he noticed the white slope of a woman's shoulder and the swift, graceful turn of a wrist. She felt his eyes upon her. The light appeared to sweep upward from her lips. He imagined what it would be

like to hold her hand, to break through the stately exclusiveness of her womanhood, and to press his lips against hers while he crushed her to him. He leaned over her chair. She felt his breath on her hair. A delicate tremor seized her. Her lips parted. For a moment her power of speech faltered. She felt that a man's passion had been born.

She sat in the silence of her own room. There was a smile in her eyes as she read what a famous musical critic had said of the young musician: "There is in his playing a musical intelligence and a sympathetic quality which appeal to every sensitive person. Combined with this he possesses an impressionistic charm and the power of bringing out the inner expression of idealism in the great masterpieces. His is a piano-playing that will set the world on fire."

She wondered, as she laid down the paper, if she were, after all, what the women of her set had called her—an unprincipled woman. They were saying that she had broken his heart. But she had given to the world a genius—"Town Topics."

An Australian Dog Story.

AN Australian tells in the London "Spectator" the story of a dog, which is interesting to those who love to study canine character and intelligence. He writes from Melbourne:

While walking with a lady friend along Studley Park road, Kew (a suburb of Melbourne), on a very quiet afternoon some time ago, we were surprised by a large St. Bernard dog, which came up to us and deliberately pawed my leg several times.

Our perplexity at his extraordinary behavior was perhaps not unminged with a little misgiving, for he was an animal of formidable size and strength; but as he gave evident signs of satisfaction at our noticing him, and proceeded to trot on in front—at intervals looking round to make sure we were following—we became interested.

When we had followed him about forty yards he stopped before a door in a high garden wall, and looking round anxiously to see that we were not, reached up his paw in the direction of the latch.

On stretching forth my hand to unfasten the door, his pleasure was exhibited in a most unmistakable manner; but when he saw me try in vain to open it, he became quiet, and looked at me with an expression so manifestly anxious that I could no more have left the poor animal thus than I could have left a helpless little child in a similar position.

Our eager attention and expectancy were again attracted, and when he listened while I knocked, and when at last someone was heard coming down the garden path he bounded about with every sign of unlimited joy.

Now here was one of the so-called "brutes," which, failing to get in at a certain door, cast about for a way out of the difficulty, and, seeing us some distance down the road (we were the only persons in sight at the time), came to us, attracted our attention, took us to the door and told us he wanted it opened.

We agreed that the animal had shown a play of emotion and intelligence comparable to that of a human being; and, indeed, we felt so much akin to the noble creature that we have both, since then, been very loath to class dogs as "inferior animals."

Logical Listener.

Parson Franks of Sloughbury was preaching with much fervor one Sunday morning upon the duty of doing with all one's heart and might whatever one finds to do, when he became conscious of a commotion in the pew of the Widow Goldsmith.

That lady seemed to be engaged in animated conversation with her son, Tom, a boy of nine, on whose coat she had a firm grasp.

As Parson Franks bent his gaze on them, the boy broke away from his mother's detaining hand, and started up the aisle. When he reached the foot of the pulpit he halted, scarlet-faced and gasping.

"What is it, my boy?" asked the minister, looking kindly down at him. "Please, sir," stammered the youthful Goldsmith, "I—forgot to feed the hens this morning, hurrying to get ready for church. Shall I go home now, or wait till the preaching's over?"

Some of the congregation smiled, but Parson Franks continued to look down at his little parishioner with kind gravity.

"I think you'd better stay, as the sermon is nearly done, Tom," he said, "but I thank you for showing me that at least one member of my congregation understands what I'm saying."

Then Tom returned to his seat, and the Widow Goldsmith was filled with reluctant pride—"Youths' Companion."

The Romantic Novel Craze.

A literary exchange remarks that we shall soon be able, by placing various volumes in a row, to construct a grand historical romance, beginning with the Slaughter of the Innocents and ending with seventeen accounts of the Battle of Monmouth.

Tests for Real Diamonds.

Recent arrivals from South Africa have brought, says a correspondent of the London "News," the most wondrous specimens of "diamonds" with them, beautiful to behold, but, alas! they would not scratch glass, while some of the most beautiful of all can be cut with a pocket knife. It is tolerably simple to say whether a stone is a diamond or not. If you can scratch a sapphire with it you want no further test—it is a diamond. If you rub it with wool or on wood in the dark and it phosphoresces, it is a diamond. If you look through it at a light and only see one light, it is most probably a diamond. The X-rays have discovered that a diamond is nearly, if not quite, translucent to those rays, whereas the brightest "paste" contains most lead and throws the blackest shadow. And a diamond tastes cold, whereas a paste gem tastes warm. Major Battersby,

A Merry Xmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year

... To the Many Friends of ...

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA

O.S.D., writing on this subject, said that Solomon's words were very true as applied to persons giving information to those in possession of "precious stones." Very often "he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

Appropriate Books.

In one of the northern suburbs of London books are being given away with tea. The purchaser of a quarter of a pound of Bohea or Orange Pekoe, as the case may be, receives with his purchase a copy of Mr. Hall Caine's Shadow of a Crime; with half a pound he gets Mr. Wilkie Collins' Woman in White; with a pound, Mr. Baring-Gould's Red Spider. There seems, however, to be a sad lack of appropriateness about this arrangement, remarks the "Outlook." Tea surely should by good rights go off with The Cup, though that work be Tennyson's. And, to pursue the matter further, Shakespeare might be given away with bacon, Mrs. Haliburton's Troubles with children's boots, Red Pottage with pepper, The Day's Work with scrubbing brushes, In the Days of My Youth with a certain journalist's infallible hair restorer, The Worshipper of the Image with curling-tongs, and the Purple East with Turkey rhubarb.

The Oldest Human Body.

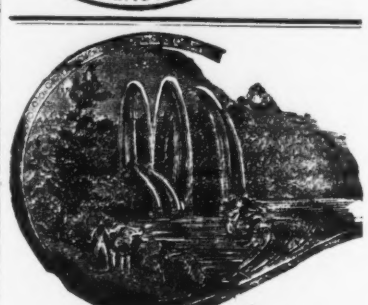
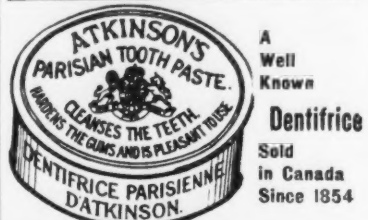
The Egyptian Gallery at the British Museum has just come into possession of the mummy of a man which may well be the oldest known body of any human being. The facts concerning it are briefly summed up in the following inscription reproduced from the case containing the mummy:

"Body of a man who was buried in a shallow oval grave hollowed out of sandstone on the west bank of the Nile, in Upper Egypt. Before burial the body was treated with a preparation of bitumen, and was arranged in the posture in which it now lies, on its left side, with the hands before the face and the knees drawn up nearly on a level with the chin. The grave (which has been roughly imitated by the model here exhibited) was covered with slabs of unworked stone, and in it beside the body were disposed flint

knives and a number of vases partly filled with the remains and dust of funeral offerings. The man probably belonged to a fair-skinned, light-haired race, which may be regarded as one of the aboriginal stocks of Egypt, whose settlements are usually found on the west bank of the Nile. The style of the flint implements found in the grave indicates that the man lived in the later neolithic period of Egypt—that is, in remote ages long before the rule of Menes, the first historical King of Egypt."

An English Epitaph.

Here lies the mother of children seven,
Five on earth, and two in Heaven;
The two in Heaven preferring rather
To die with mother than live with father.



People who are languid, tired out or suffering from the after effects of La Grippe can here in the mineral waters of the springs win back health and strength. A card will bring you descriptive pamphlet. Everything here for human health and comfort. Health-giving springs, pure air, food and water. Liberal table.

HOTEL DEL MONTE
PRESTON SPRINGS
R. WALTER, Proprietor.

BOVRIL A Royal Food

BOVRIL is the greatest Food Product of the Victorian Era. It contains all that is valuable in Fresh Lean Beef in a highly concentrated form.

Over 500 Hospitals and similar institutions in Great Britain have it in constant use.

Her Majesty's troops all over the world are nourished in health and strengthened in sickness with

BOVRIL.

WHITE SOUND TEETH
produced by using

ROWLAND'S ODONTO

which preserves and beautifies the teeth, strengthens the gums, and gives pleasant fragrance to the breath; it eradicates tartar, prevents and arrests decay, and polishes and preserves the enamel. Sold by Stores, Chemists, and

A. ROWLAND & SONS, 67 Hatton Garden, London.

Wholesale Agents— **LYMAN BROS. & Co.** Toronto and Montreal

Another reason why Carling's Ale is the best, is that every bottle is properly matured—not artificially but by age alone—before it is put on the market.

CARLING-LONDON.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE: Business Office, 1109; Editorial Rooms, 1109

Subscriptions for Canada and United States addresses will be received on the following terms:

One Year, \$2.00
Six Months, \$1.00
Three Months, .50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$3.00 per year extra. Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

VOL. 14. TORONTO, JANUARY 5, 1901. NO. 8.



ROBERT MANTELL is as staid as ever, and his new play, by W. A. Tremayne, of Montreal, is just such a creation as gives him scope for his most heroic side. A Free Lance is based on a rather novel idea. Sir Rudolph, though of humble antecedents, climbs to knighthood by sheer force of merit, and not forgetting the poor people who had been his associates, makes himself a popular champion and the defender of the peasantry of Wolfberg. Princess Hilda being a minor, the Government of Wolfberg is administered by Gottfried von Bergmann, as chancellor. The people are oppressed by Bergmann, and things pass from bad to worse till Sir Rudolph is arrested and sentenced to death. The Princess Hilda has formed an attachment for the brave knight, and in accordance with a law of the principality permitting a princess of the reigning house to release any criminal sentenced to death on condition of his promising to be her slave for a year and a day, she demands that Rudolph be loosed, and he, after some hesitation, agrees to serve her as required. The possible complications arising from such a situation need only be suggested. They would make good stuff for a comic opera, but as manipulated by Mr. Mantell's dramatist they are of the most sober, kill-joy character. It is hard to say whose reputation will be advanced the further by this new play—Mr. Tremayne's or Mr. Mantell's. Personally, I don't think the young Canadian dramatist is coming up to the expectations we formed of him when he wrote A Secret Warrant, and Lost, Twenty-four Hours. He has become altogether too serious-minded in The Dagger and the Cross, and its successor, A Free Lance.

Mr. Mantell's repertoire for the week includes one performance each of Romeo and Juliet, Othello, and Hamlet.

Arizona, played at the Grand, is the same delightful and truthful story of rough Western life that captivated Toronto theater-goers on two separate occasions last year. The company is a new one, but except in one or two particulars it is the equal of the original company, which concluded its engagement in New York this week. Arizona is certainly the best of recent "American" dramas, and is worth going to see not once only, but two or three times.

Shea's Theater had a really first-class attraction this week in J. E. Dodson and Company, who presented a one-act drama entitled Richelieu's Stratagem. His impersonation of the wily cardinal was capital, and his support was good. The next best feature of the bill was the Nine Nelsons, who are the best acrobats and tumblers on the stage. Carroll Johnson, the minstrel, was good; likewise Josephine Gassman and her pickaninnies, who are uproariously droll. May Evans' whistling act was novel and pleasing. In fact, the whole bill was good, but these struck me as its best contents.

The Valentine Stock Company made a good impression at the Princess Theater on Monday evening to a fair audience, which greeted them to hear their first production of Ma'm'zelle, the French farce-comedy which became so popular some years ago. It was a novel and pleasing change from the repertoire which the Valentine Company have been presenting for the past few weeks. The farce contains nothing of an offensive character, and provides lively amusement from the rise of the curtain until its fall. The working in of the vaudeville act was neat. Wilson's clog-dancing and the specialties by Seale, Taylor and Vokes being much appreciated on the first evening of the week. Miss Maynard made a very graceful Ma'm'zelle.

Sarah Bernhardt says that one night, during a former visit to America, when she was playing Jeanne d'Arc, she hurt her knee with a rusty nail. "The wound gave me considerable pain and trouble," she says, "and it was thought that a slight operation might possibly be required. This fact appeared in the daily papers, and a day or two afterward I received a telegram from the manager of a museum in Chicago, saying that if it was necessary to amputate my leg, might he please have it. He added he would drape it if desired."

Hair-dressers, with all their anxiety to dye as many heads as possible, admit that gray hair is no longer regarded with as much horror as formerly even by persons who have reached an age that entitles them to it. Indeed, gray hair is becoming almost popular on the stage. Ada Rehan was the first woman in public life to allow her hair to turn gray without making the slightest attempt to conceal what is commonly regarded in a stage career as a sign that the end has come, or is at all events near. Other actresses have since accustomed the public to the idea of gray-headed heroines. Miss Rehan, of course, always wore a wig on the stage, but Eleonora Duse plays Camille without the least attempt to conceal the fact that since she was last in America her hair has grown so gray as to give her scenes with Armand a slightly maternal suggestion. The latest actress to be added to the gray-headed group has for years had nearly white hair. The secret was known only to herself, her maid, and her hair-dresser, though other persons must have suspected that Ellen Terry's hair was not still blonde with the yellow hue of nature. As a matter of fact, it has been dyed for years, but it was only the other day that the English actress made her first public appearance after a long vacation and astonished her admirers by appearing with perfectly white hair and wearing spectacles. It was at a benefit performance that she gave this first view of her natural locks to the public. Sarah Bernhardt has worn a wig always for some years, and has never had to contemplate the inconvenience of growing gray.

mirers by appearing with perfectly white hair and wearing spectacles. It was at a benefit performance that she gave this first view of her natural locks to the public. Sarah Bernhardt has worn a wig always for some years, and has never had to contemplate the inconvenience of growing gray.

The Girl With the Auburn Hair will be the headliner at Shea's next week. As our readers are aware, this is one of the most pretentious scenic productions ever offered in vaudeville, and has made a tremendous hit in all parts of the country. Miss Auburn, as she is called for short, has a marvelous contralto voice, and has some new songs this year. The act is a triumph of stage-craft, and takes the audience from the theater to a dim cathedral, with its stained windows and grey masonry. John C. Rice and Sally Cohen have been engaged as a special feature of the bill. They will appear in a humorous sketch entitled The Kleptomaniacs, from the pen of H. H. Winslow. Favor and Sinclair will be seen in The McGuires, which is one of the best laugh provokers of the season. They are very popular with Toronto theater-goers. Mr. Favor has some new songs of the eccentric order. Frank Cushman, the well-known minstrel man, will sing some very catchy songs and tell some stories that are new. Lizzie B. Raymond, in her character songs, has long been a favorite in vaudeville. She is maintaining her reputation as a character comedienne. Kolb and Dill bill themselves as "together side by side." They are said to be the best in their line in vaudeville. Charles Leonard Fletcher will present a new and interesting monologue. This will be his first appearance in Toronto as a monologist. DeWitt and Burns, acrobats and equilibrists, complete the bill.

"Saturday Night" got lost in a country snow-storm on New Year's eve, and only found itself again in the stalls of the New Grand at St. Thomas. There in full view on the stage was Madame Modjeska, as Lady Macbeth. As everybody has heard of her, and as everybody will see her next week, it isn't necessary to say that she was splendid—though some said she was not so vigorous as of old. The same marvellous power was shown in the sleep-walking scene, however. The pathos and pity of that unconscious vigil, the acme of Shakespeare's masterly simplicity, connect Madame Modjeska with Mrs. Siddons by the imperishable bond of accomplished art. It was somewhat of a surprise to see Mrs. Henry Vandenhoff in the cast. This actress of the old school, the favorite of Barry Sullivan, the famous "Mrs. Malaprop," Griffith's "Martha" in Faust, and now support for Madame Modjeska, is as vivacious as ever. As everyone in Toronto knows, she was one of the finest exponents of classic roles before, with her husband, she retired, to give readings under the patronage of Lord Wolverson and Mr. Gladstone in England. She is as delightful off the stage as she is refined and clever upon it. Her "Queen Elinor" in King John is worth seeing. One gets the impression that, contrary to custom, Modjeska's support is a strong one for a starring cast.

Next week promises to be a fairly interesting one at the theaters. We are to have Modjeska in repertoire at the Grand; the Girl with the Auburn Hair at Shea's; Fanchon the Cricket at the Princess, and the Female Drummer at the Toronto.

Are Women Growing Taller?

Students of the physical characteristics of race should find much significance, remarks a New York society paper, in the fact that the majority of the debutantes of this season are far above the average height of American women. Whether this is due to the craze of outdoor sports, that began in their childhood, or to altered climatic conditions, remains for these students to decide. The buds of this year are also, with few exceptions, devoid of superfluous flesh, and it may be remarked some of them are painfully thin.

Will "Pinking" and the Frilled Shirt Return?

The West End tailors of London are making another attempt to solve a problem that has long perplexed them and their fashionable customers. "This," in the words of a Piccadilly expert, "is no more nor less than the old difficulty of how to distinguish unmistakably between a guest and a waiter. The distinction," he added, "may appear invidious to the worthy men who so skillfully and patiently minister to the requirements of the diner, but the latter is growing more and more rebellious against the frequency with which he falls a victim to mistaken identity. Hence the projected changes in evening dress."

The principal change in question is, it appears, to take the form of "pinking" down the front of the vest. The edge of the waistcoat, which should be white, will be perforated, and a colored silk foundation introduced. Another innovation is the frilled shirt, which is already being worn, but not to any considerable extent. It is interesting to note that what may be called the decorative waistcoat and the frilled shirt were in vogue at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

That great sartorial authority, Mr. Vincent, editor of the "Tailor and Cutter," is inclined to think that the perforated waistcoat and frilled shirt will be revived to blush unseen. "The modern English gentleman," he said, "fights shy, and properly so, of anything approaching display in his evening clothes. He never was so well, if unostentatiously, dressed, and he knows it. The ornamental waistcoat has more chance in America than England; the New Yorker has already taken the frilled shirt-front to his bosom, and he will probably give as hearty a welcome to the pinked waistcoat."

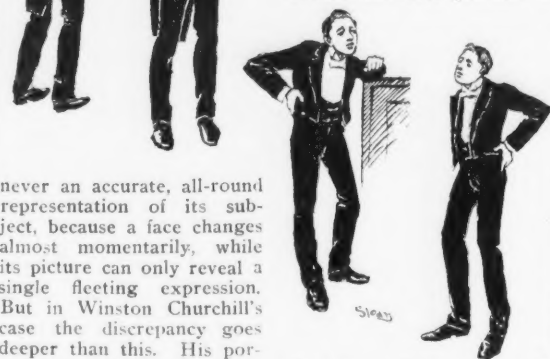


To the left is pictured the newest style of evening dress, which promises to make its appearance this year. To the right are a couple of gentlemen in the evening dress of 100 years ago.

The Descendant of "Malbrouck."

THE true ins and outs of Lieutenant Winston Spencer Churchill's disagreement with Major Pond will probably never be known. But the newspaper reports have left with the people of Canada a disagreeable impression, which even the brilliant lecture of the heady and brainy young correspondent, last Saturday evening, has not wholly dispelled here in Toronto. Mr. Churchill, it is true, gave an explanation and denial as a prologue to his description of "The War As I Saw It." But the explanation was curiously ambiguous, and the opinion prevails that the man who proved himself too "slim" for a Boer prison to hold, had attempted to repeat the Talmage game on the enterprising Pond. And although modern life inculcates no disrespect for the strong man who knows how to take care of himself in a deal, there is a strangely unanimous opinion of the person who, having made a bargain, attempts to let himself out. The public are prepared to overlook a good many things in Mr. Churchill—first of all because he has the admirable qualities of originality and courage; secondly, because he has proved himself a true blue Briton; and then again, because he is so very youthful. The public will continue to patronize Mr. Churchill for the sake of what he has to tell them, and out of idle curiosity as to the man. But the public will know how to be rigidly judicial, instead of demonstratively plastic, if Mr. Churchill abuses the popularity his unique record has won him.

The first thing that strikes one when the son of the famous Lord Randolph steps forward on the platform, is his want of resemblance to his portraits. Not only is he not very like any of the pictures in the newspapers and magazines—he is positively in striking contrast to each and all of them. Of course the best portrait is



never an accurate, all-round representation of its subject, because a face changes almost momentarily, while its picture can only reveal a single fleeting expression. But in Winston Churchill's case the discrepancy goes deeper than this. His portraits seem to be altogether misleading. His is a curiously youthful face—a face lacking the hall-mark of a strong individuality; and yet we know he has individuality—any amount of it. Fair-haired and pink-skinned; of good physique, but shambling and awkward; with the frankest and most winning smile imaginable—he steps before you the very reverse of the impressions his alleged portraits have conveyed.

He is a capital lecturer—there can be no doubt about that! In the first place, he has an abundant self-confidence. In the second place, he has a resonant and not unmusical voice. In the third place, he has an inexhaustible vein of humor. And in the fourth place, he is a real artist in the manipulation of a simple, graphic, old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon vocabulary. His description of the taking, holding, and ultimate surrender of Spion Kop by Sir Charles Warren's men was a wonderful piece of word-painting. As somebody said to me after the lecture, "I could fairly hear the blood trickling." This was no exaggeration. Everybody's heart beat faster as the lecturer recounted the splendid conduct of Thorneycroft and his men in the cruellest, bloodiest fight of the war.

Churchill is as poverty-stricken in the matter of gestures as he is opulent in language. But though he knows his lexicon, he does not talk above the heads of his audience. Nor does he assume a knowledge of military matters on their part that they do not possess. He has the best views of the war that have so far been exhibited in Canada, and he knows how to make the most of them.

I have not heard of anyone who was disappointed in his lecture. For my own part, interest in this nervy young Englishman has been whetted rather than slaked by having seen and heard him. He is a youth who is going to make either a shining mark or a dismal failure of the future. It will be a surprise to most people if he can hold his steam. One hears all sorts of disparaging stories. If half of them are true, the descendant of General John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, is in imminent danger of having his head turned by success. I trust the stories are not true, and I'm sure you trust so, too. We should all hate to see Winston Spencer Churchill peter out.

Bound to Succeed.

The whiskey drummer (after taking order)—Where are you going to start the saloon? The young M.D.—Saloon nothing! I'm going to begin the practice of my profession in a Scott Act county.

What Could the Poor Boy Do?

Algy (quite warmly)—If any man evah slapped my face, I'd challenge him out. I would, by Jove! Clarence (who got slapped)—But I did, and the wude bwute told me to go and get a reputation.



Notes From the Capital.

Winston Churchill in an Argument. Brilliant Dresses at the First Skating Party. Children's Fancy Dress Ball. Engagements Announced.

TOWARD the end of last week the house party at Rideau Hall was added to by the advent of Mr. G. W. Smalley, United States correspondent of the London "Times," a great friend of Lord and Lady Minto. This is his second visit to Government House, and this time he is seeing the Capital under much more favorable conditions than during his visit last spring. Then one-third of Ottawa was covered with charred ruins, smouldering from the great Hull fire. Mr. Smalley sat next to the Countess of Minto in the Vice-regal box when Mr. Winston Churchill gave his lecture. He is an oldish-looking but well-preserved man, with a most sphinx-like countenance. Miss Pamela Plowden was in Lady Minto's box that night, and also Mr. Guise. In the adjoining box were Mrs. Kitson—Colonel Kitson was in Toronto with His Excellency—Miss Adele Hall, a handsome Canadian girl; Lady Eileen and Lady Ruby Elliot, and Captain Graham. The audience was an altogether smart one, as appears to be the case wherever Mr. Churchill lectures. Several Cabinet Ministers were on the platform. Mr. Fielding introduced the lecturer, and Mr. Scott moved the vote of thanks. Their wives and daughters were to be seen in the orchestra chairs. Lady Davies and her daughters, and Mrs. Fielding and the Misses Fielding were there. The Misses Cartwright had their brother, Captain Cartwright, and his bride with them. Miss Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Sifton, and a splendid gathering of Ottawa society were also on hand. Mr. Henry Bate and party occupied one of the boxes; Mr. D'Arcy Scott and party another; and in an upper box Mrs. John Gilmour sat with her pretty daughter and her soldier son, Mr. Allan Gilmour, who returned from England not long ago. Most people were much pleased with Mr. Churchill's account of the war as he saw it. Others thought he should have gone more into details of battles, and told us what would have happened if such and such a thing had been done—if Spion Kop had been held, for instance—but the generality were pleased, and all agree that it was a most interesting talk. There were no supper after this lecture. There usually are after most smart functions of the kind in Ottawa, but probably the hostesses were all aware of the impossibility of capturing Mr. Churchill. He is not the kind of man who shines at a supper party; in fact one fancies he rather despises fashionable society. At one of the dinners given at Government House while he was there, he got into a heated argument with a brilliant French-Canadian lady who, for love of notoriety, pretends to entertain pro-Boer sentiments. Needless to state, her remarks were not agreeable to her neighbor at dinner, Mr. Churchill, and he rose to the occasion. The "belle Canadienne" has a somewhat high-pitched voice, and the rest of the dinner party had no difficulty in catching the drift of the argument. After dinner, it is said that Mr. Churchill, having had enough of ladies' society, went off and played a game of billiards by himself.

The first skating party of the season was given at Government House last Saturday afternoon. Invitations were sent out by telephone in the morning. Consequently it was by no means a large party—not more than thirty or forty. It gave one an idea that skating parties will be very pretty entertainments to watch this year, for the girls have all got skating dresses of bright colored cloth. Some are pale blue, others brighter blue, others rose, and a good many of mauve or violet tints. I must not forget green, for one of the prettiest on Saturday was a green one worn by Miss Plowden. The Countess of Minto wore a very becoming short dress of rose cloth, and, as she always does on the ice, looked charming. That evening there was a dinner at Government House, one of the jolliest dinners, it is said, of the season. Among the ladies and gentlemen who had the honor of dining there were: Mr. and Mrs. Fielding, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Jones, Miss Ethel Jones, Miss Scott, Miss Ritchie, Miss Elsie Ritchie, Mr. J. A. Ritchie. The house party consisted of Colonel and Mrs. Kitson, Miss Plowden, Miss Hall, Mr. Ian Malcolm, Mr. G. W. Smalley, Mr. Guise, Captain Graham, A.D.C., Captain Bell, A.D.C. After dinner there was an impromptu dance in the ball-room, for which music was supplied by Captain Graham at the piano.

There has been some skating at the Rideau Rink, but not as much as there will be when the improvements are completed. That will be next week, and it is said that Lord and Lady Minto intend giving the opening skating party.

The Children's Fancy Dress Ball, which was to have taken place on January 4th, has been postponed to Monday evening, January 7th, which has not caused as much disappointment among the children as one would have expected, for, strange to say, the costumes are taking more time to make than mothers had counted upon. Christmas is such a busy time in every way that even in the shops the fancy dresses for this ball were laid aside until after the rush, and there appears now to be general thankfulness. The costumes for the little hosts and hostesses were not ready either, but that is not the cause of the postponement. Lady Minto hopes to have her sister, Lady Antrim, with her by Monday evening next, and being anxious that she should enjoy the pretty sight, postponed the event. I have heard of some very fetching costumes to be worn at this twentieth century ball. One little girl is going in the daring role of a "beauty" of the eighteenth century. Only a child could venture out under such a title. Two little boys, brothers, whose father is a Consul-General, are going as the "Army" and "Navy" of their country. A sweet boy of nine is to be dressed in Highland clothes and called "Bonnie Prince Charlie." A particularly engaging little girl is going as "Folly." Nursery rhymes are being ransacked, and even history is lending some heroes and heroines, while, as usual, there will be no lack of fisher-maids and sailor boys. I shall tell you all about it later on.

The Bachelors' Ball on New Year's eve was very jolly and the decorations of the Racquet Court, it is universally agreed, surpassed those on any previous occasion. Red prevailed. The walls were draped in this color, over which were hung garlands of evergreen. Plants and ferns were lavishly displayed, and the only flower used was the scarlet poinsettias. Beneath the chandelier in the center of the room hung a bell of holly with a tongue of mistletoe, but no young man seems to have taken advantage of the presence of the mystic plant. The six chaperones, Mrs. Lavergne, Lady Grant, Mrs. Egan, Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. Avery, and Mrs. Crombie, were all present. They received for the hosts, of whom there were rather many for a reception committee.

Mrs. Gwynne's dance came off on Tuesday night, and was no less pleasant than the one the night before. Many people prefer a dance in a private house to one in the Racquet Court. Before both these dances there were dinners, from which the entire party went later to the dance. Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber was the hostess at one of these dinners.

Two engagements have been announced in Ottawa this week, both of popular Ottawa men who have set their affections on young ladies of other cities. Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara, Sir Richard Cartwright's secretary, is engaged to Miss Corby, one of the pretty daughters of Mr. Henry Corby, late M.P. for Hastings. The other engagement is that of Mr. Harry Southam to Miss Linton, another very pretty girl, who has several times visited in Ottawa.

At Government House they are getting up theatricals which will be given toward the end of this month. Mr. Ian Malcolm, who is stopping at Government House, is said to be a clever actor, and he is waiting over for these theatricals.

AMARYLLIS.

When a man asks a woman for her advice he not only wins her undying admiration, but at once stamps himself to her as the possessor of rare good sense.—"Town Topics."

Hon. quiet and serious of Life, changed age is no mas, but ing as se
There form the out one obligati

Two Coffin Ships Wrecked.



READERS of "Tales of the Georgian Bay" may have observed that all the great marine disasters that have been recorded in this series of tales occurred between the fall of 1879 and that of 1882. Accidents and some minor wrecks have happened since the latter date, but it was not until October, 1895, that another wreck occurred which was accompanied by loss of life. It was on the 7th of October, 1895, that the steam barge "Africa" and the barge "Severn" were wrecked, the former going down with all hands, a crew of twelve persons, and the latter being blown ashore on the Bruce peninsula, the crew being saved.

It is, perhaps, not altogether proper to include this story among "Tales of the Georgian Bay," because there is a strong probability that the "Africa" never reached Georgian Bay, but foundered at the upper end of Lake Huron, some ten or a dozen miles from the Bay; they were on their way to the Bay when the "accident" happened, and they were manned chiefly by Georgian Bay sailors; so that we may be excused for including this last serious wreck in the series.

The old steam barge "Africa" was built in 1872, as a propeller of canal length. She sailed on the lower lakes, but in the early eighties ran as a passenger steamer out of Owen Sound, together with the side-wheelers "Magnet" and "Spartan." Burned at her wharf at Owen Sound, she was re-built as a steam barge. Like all things made by man, the ship grew old, and long before 1895 had seen her best days. The tow barge "Severn" was also built some time in the seventies. In 1881, when the writer first saw her, she was one of a line of three barges and a steam barge, "Isaac May," owned by the late Captain Isaac May, formerly of Lake Simcoe, and owner of the "Emily May," the first steamer on Lakes Simcoe and Couchiching. The fleet was engaged in the lumber carrying trade, and did a good business. On the death of Captain May the fleet was sold, and the vessels passed into different hands. Like the "Africa," the "Severn" had become old and unseaworthy, and ought to have been laid peacefully on the bottom of some harbor, after having served her day and generation, instead of sailing the lakes with valuable cargoes and precious lives.

On the 4th of October, 1895, the old "Africa" and the "Severn" were loaded with coal at Ashtabula, Ohio, for Owen Sound, and after delivery of that cargo they were under charter to go to Parry Sound and load lumber. The barge was in tow of the steam barge, and everything went well until the morning of the 7th. When off Sand Bay, Michigan, a gale was encountered, but as the wind was fair the barge hoisted her canvas and the old boats made great time up the lake. After a time, however, the wind freshened and began to shift. At four o'clock in the afternoon the wind settled in the north-west, having shifted from south to south-west, then west. The sea rose rapidly, and both boats began to make "bad weather." It was then the first accident happened; the foresail of the "Severn" was blown out of the bolt, and half an hour afterwards the main gaff was broken and the mainsail blown away. Both boats were rolling heavily in the trough of the sea, but making fair headway. This was continued until a little after six o'clock; at about half-past six the "Africa" let go the tow-line of the "Severn," and left her to her fate. Captain James Silversides, whose perilous drift on the barge "Victor" was recounted recently, was in command of the "Severn," and he was once more cast off to shift for himself and crew. In telling the story afterwards, Captain Silversides was most careful to exonerate Captain Larsen, of the ill-fated "Africa," from all blame for casting the barge loose. His theory was that the steam-barge must have become strained by working in the sea, and was doubtless making water fast, and in extreme peril of foundering, or the line would never have been cast off; it would have been folly for the captain of the steam-barge to have tried to tow the barge to shelter, as it was an impossible task. Therefore, it was a proper thing to do, and a proof of good seamanship, when Captain Larsen cut the "Severn" adrift.

It was just at dusk when the line was cast off, and the crew of the barge were too busy trying to save themselves to pay much attention to the steam-barge, but they saw her several times before darkness set in, and knew the captain was doing his best to reach shelter. That was the last ever seen of the "Africa," where she went down, how long she withstood the gale, how the crew fared, whether they went down with the vessel or took to the lifeboat, will never be known. Of the twelve who constituted the crew, not a soul escaped to tell the tale, and the only things found were the steamer's lifeboat and a bundle of letters belonging to Miss Lee, the cook and stewardess.

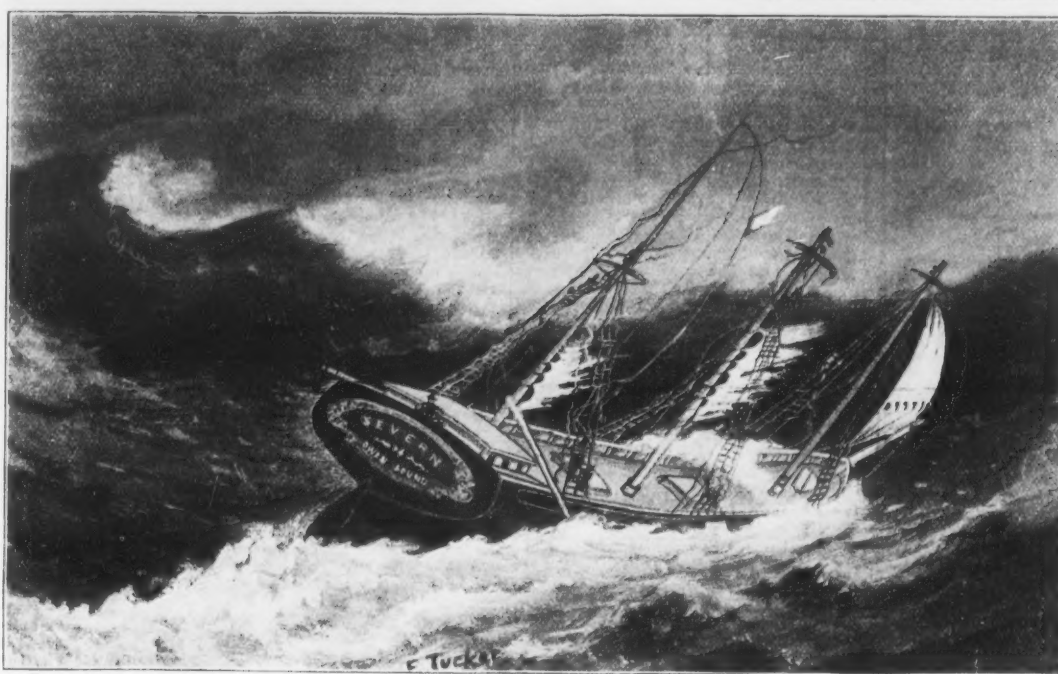
On the "Severn" every effort was made to save the vessel. Captain Silversides had the crew set the staysail and mizzen, and he headed the barge for Boat Cove, four miles north of Lisle Island, where shelter was to be had. The boat was making water fast, and would have gone to the bottom with her crew and load of coal, had she not been supplied with a good steam pump; this was kept working constantly, and saved the vessel from foundering. Owing to the small amount of canvas on the vessel it was found impossible to steer her properly, and at about 10 p.m. she struck a reef half a mile from Boat Cove. When it was seen that the boat was likely to strike, all the anchors were let go, in the hope that she might hold off until morning, but one after another the lines parted, and she went on the reef as stated. As soon as the vessel struck the seas began to wash clean over her, putting out the fires under the pump and hoist boilers, and driving the crew to the riggings, in order to save themselves from being carried overboard. The weather was bitterly cold, and the crew almost perished from exposure. To make matters worse, the boat began to break up, the stern being smashed off and the hatches carried away. The crew, rendered desperate by exposure, watched their chances, and, one by one, dropped into the hold. On the coal they managed to light a fire with pieces of the cabin, and got some ham and bread, which served them for a meal, although the bread was soaked with water. Shortly after 7 a.m. two fishermen from Stokes Bay, a Mr. Bradley and his partner, risked their lives in the effort and succeeded in taking off every one of the crew of the old "Severn." The act of these two men was a daring one, and worthy of the Royal Humane Society's medal. There was a terrible sea running, the old wreck seemed ready to break up at any minute, and there was great danger and labor in effecting the rescue. The two brave fishermen never flinched from the task, and were rewarded by saving every man's life. If these men are still alive, somebody should see to it that they get the medals they so well and nobly earned.

Of the "Africa" it can only be said "she was and is not." Her fate is another of the mysteries of the Great Lakes. W. I.

The Modern Point of View.

Hon. Truxton Beale, in the "Forum": "Playing croquet and tennis on Sunday cannot to-day be taken as serious offences. Mr. Lecky in his recent work, 'The Map of Life,' has reminded us how much the point of view has changed in criticizing moral conduct. The question in this age is not whether we are living in accordance with dogmas, but how much positive good or ill we are accomplishing as social beings."

There are women who burn with a noble desire to reform the whole world, when, if they would just straighten out one graceless man, they would confer an everlasting obligation on humanity.—"Town Topics."



THE WRECK OF THE "SEVERN."
Drawn for "Saturday Night" by E. Tucker, Owen Sound.

As Taught by a Pack of Cards.

A PRIVATE soldier by the name of Richard Lee was taken before the magistrate of Glasgow, Scotland, for playing cards during divine services. The account of it is thus given in an English journal: "A sergeant commanded the soldiers at the church, and when the parson had read the prayers he took the text. Those who had Bibles took them out; but this soldier had neither Bible nor Common Prayer-book, and pulling out a pack of cards, he spread them before him. He first looked at one card and then at another. The sergeant of the company saw him and said: 'Richard, put up the cards; this is no place for them.' 'Never mind that,' said Richard. When the services were over, the constable took Richard prisoner, and brought him before the mayor. 'Well,' said the mayor, 'what have you brought the soldier here for?' 'For playing cards in the church,' 'Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?' 'Much, sir, I hope.' 'Very good; if not, I will punish you severely.'

"I have been," said the soldier, 'about six weeks on the march. I have neither Bible nor Common Prayer-book. I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intention.' Then spreading the cards before the mayor, he began with the ace. 'When I see the ace it reminds me there is but one God. When I see the deuce, it reminds me of the Father and Son. When I see the three, it reminds me of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. When I see the four it reminds me of the four evangelists that preached, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. When I see the five it reminds me of the five virgins that trimmed their lamps; there were ten, but five were wise and five were foolish, and were shut out. When I see the six, it reminds me that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth. When I see the seven, it reminds me that on the seventh day God rested from the great work he had made, and hallowed it. When I see the eight, it reminds me of the eight righteous persons who were saved when God destroyed the world, viz.: Noah and his wife, the three sons and their wives. When I see the nine, it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour. There were nine out of ten that never returned thanks. When I see the ten, it reminds me of the ten commandments which God handed down to Moses on the tables of stone. When I see the King, it reminds me of the Great King of Heaven, which is God Almighty. When I see the Queen, it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls all dressed in boys' apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls.

The king sent for water for them to wash. The girls washed to the elbows, the boys to the wrists; so King Solomon told by that."

"Well," said the mayor, 'you have described every card in the pack except one.' 'What is that?' 'The knave,' said the mayor. 'I will give your honor a description of that, too, if you will not get angry.' 'I will not,' said the mayor, 'if you do not term me to be the knave.' 'The greatest knave I know of is the constable that brought me here.' 'I do not know,' said the mayor, 'if he is the greatest knave, but I know he is the greatest fool.'

"When I count how many spots there are in a pack of cards, I find 365—as many days as there are in a year. When I count the number of cards in a pack, I find 52—the number of weeks in a year. I find there are 12 picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in a year, and on counting the tricks, I find 12—the number of weeks in a quarter. So you see, a pack of cards serves for a Bible, an almanac, and a Common Prayer-book."

[The soldier seems to be out in his statement of the number of spots in a pack. In an ordinary pack of cards there are 52 spots in a suit, not counting those on the face cards. This gives but 220 spots to the pack. Including two spots on each of twelve face cards, we get only 244. The soldier, we think, might also have pointed out that there are four suits, corresponding to the four seasons of the year.—Editor "Saturday Night."]

Have Exchanged Places.

Henry James, in his new book, "A Little Tour of France," remarks on the great change that has taken place in both the English and the French nation.

"The English, who have for ages been described (mainly by the French) as the dumb, stiff, unapproachable race, present to-day a remarkable appearance of good humor and garrulity, and are distinguished by their facility of intercourse. On the other hand, any one who has seen half-a-dozen Frenchmen pass a whole day together in a railway carriage without breaking silence, is forced to believe the traditional reputation of these gentlemen is simply the survival of some primitive formula. It was true, doubtless, before the Revolution; but there have been great changes since then."

Auto-possibilities.

First baby (in the park)—Darn that nurse, anyway! She's been talking to that policeman for the past hour instead of wheeling me around. Second baby—I'm in the same boat, old chap. But never mind, the day of the nurseless baby-carriage will soon be here.—"Town Topics."

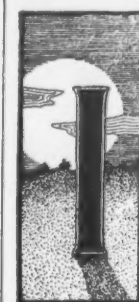
The Winter Girl.



NO. 1.—THE SLEIGHING GIRL.

"An English Woman's Love Letters."

The Book That Has Set All England Agog. A Theory Full of Horror.



It is the unexpected that always happens. This truth is illustrated in the case of "the book of the year" in England. Though the publishing season has been remarkable for the number of books by writers of established reputation—not only books of fiction, but books about the war and about China—it is an "unknown" who has succeeded in making the reading public stand to attention. The people have simply gone wild about "An English Woman's Love Letters." Marie Corelli and Mrs. Humphry Ward are both relegated to a corner. The publisher of the "Love Letters," Mr. Murray, is deluged with £ s. d., and has to publicly apologize for the delay in meeting orders for the book. And yet no one has the faintest inkling of the authorship of the strange volume. The London "Daily Mail" sent telegrams of inquiry to all the leading writers of fiction, but failed to pin the guilty party, or even get a clue.

Meantime speculation is raging as to whether the book represents clever fiction or poignant fact. And people are also asking what can have been the reason which compelled a man—presumably honorable—to throw over a girl whose love was so divine, and to refuse to see her, even when she was dying through this fatal inroad of passion into her life. Either there was some reason—terrible and overwhelming—or the man must have been a brute. Now he was not a brute, argues T. P. O'Connor—no brute could inspire a love so holy and so tenacious; at least, not in a girl of so fine a nature; and moreover, the preface to the book distinctly quits him of blame. "To the memory of neither of them does any blame belong." Such are the words of the preface. As the mysterious words that follow also suggest, the obstacle which came between these poor people was one of an unusual and even terrible character. "They were," says the preface, "the victims of circumstances which came whole out of the hands of fate and remained, so far as one of the two was concerned, a mystery to the day of her death."

"I have spoken to several people who have read the book," says the gossip editor of "M.A.P.," "and I find opinions as various as the number of the critics as to whether the letters are fact or fiction. Whichever they are, everybody agrees that they show extraordinary literary power; and it is this very literary power that suggests to so many a doubt of their genuineness. No girl—young and untrained in the art of writing, it is objected, could write so well. But natural genius exists in many men and women who, mute and inglorious, never sing or are sung. Love has a wonderful power of exalting the pen as well as the senses; besides, the writer of these letters was always fond of writing. 'I have thought,' she says in one of her letters, 'that, left to myself, I should have become a writer of books.' And then, after the exquisite fashion in which she turns all her thoughts, projects, and self into her love, she goes on: 'How gladly I lay down that part of myself, and say, 'But for you I had been quite this other person, whom I have no wish to be now. Beloved, your heart is the shelf where I put all my uncut volumes, wondering a little what sort of writer I should have made, and chiefly wondering would you have liked me in that character.'"

And now what was the secret of the rupture? It seems to be overlooked that the girl herself gives some faint indications of the cause. In Letter XV., the letter which gives an account of the first interview with her lover's mother, and reveals the first appearance of that dark cloud that afterwards spread and grew, till it surrounded and suffocated her in a pall of night and death, she tells something of her family history, and suggests more. Here is a passage, which is very significant and suggestive:

"She . . . asked me my habits and said I looked healthy. I owned I felt it. 'Looks and feelings are the most deceptive things in the world,' she told me, adding that 'poor stock' got more than its share of these. And when she said it I saw quite plainly that she meant me."

And then comes this other and even more suggestive passage:

"There is something in her opposition that I cannot fathom; I wondered twice was lunacy her notion; she looked at me so hard."

And this is followed by a painful glimpse into the skeleton in the history of her family:

"My mother's seclusion and living apart from us was not on that account. I often saw her; she was very dear and sweet to me, and had quiet eyes, the very reverse of a person mentally deranged. My father, I know, went to visit her when she lay dying; and I remember we all wore mourning. My uncle has told me they had a deep regard for each other, but disagreed, and were independent enough to choose living apart. I do not remember my father ever speaking of her to us as children, but I am sure there was no state of health to be concealed."

If the mother of the young man were convinced that there was madness in the family of his fiancée, she performed a duty—cruel but inevitable and sacred—in preventing the marriage. Meantime another theory has been suggested; has been first whispered in society; and now is found boldly reproduced in the following letter to the "Academy":

"The reason of the breaking off of the engagement and the abandonment of the girl is not the infidelity of her lover, nor the waning of his passion caused by the intensity of hers. It is brought about by the young man's discovery of an insurmountable barrier between them—a barrier, the nature of which is so terrible that his most merciful action can only be to leave her to die in ignorance of the truth, while he himself bears as a lesser evil the torturing knowledge that she must believe it is his hand that has dealt her the death-blow."

"The only hypothesis which fits all the circumstances of the case is, that the girl's father was the father of the young man also, and to the truth of this hypothesis innumerable indications point. The girl was an only child, and her father and mother lived separated from her earliest infancy; and, though there was no scandal, it is clear that the mother was in no way to blame for the separation. The girl herself, as we are carefully told, is six months older than her lover (an otherwise curious detail); but the grounds for separation took place after the marriage of her parents. Though the young people had spent all their lives within six miles of each other, they met at last only by accident. Some powerful agency had hitherto kept them apart; this agency was the young man's mother, and it is during her absence that the intimacy begins. From the first she is opposed to the match, and looks upon the girl, who is rich, charming, beautiful, and in every respect desirable, with a coldness which amounts to repulsion. At the beginning her opposition is discreet, calculated, diplomatic; gradually, as she becomes less hopeful of stifling the attachment while it is still immature, she tries more violent means—appeals, entreaties, threats. These also are in vain, and she finally realizes that nothing but a confession of the truth will avail to sever loves so faithfully and so firmly knit. At the last possible moment she makes the confession, with the result that the letters show. The young man, filled with horror, pity, and despair, bids his beloved farewell, in words which must be cruel, for they must leave no shadow of hope behind them. And does she not have an unconscious intuition of the nature of his feeling in the mystic vision, in which he shrinks, shuddering, from her kiss? In the meantime, he can no longer bring himself to continue living with his mother, who dies very shortly after the revelation of her guilt. And, in spite of a momentary gleam of hope, her death brings no return of her lover to the unhappy girl."

In confirmation of this theory, the writer alludes to passages—the letter in which the woman speaks of the likeness to each other, and another in which she says they both have foreign airs, in common with her father.

TRANSPORTATION-RAIL AND WATER.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Thursday, Jan. 3 10 a.m.
 Trade, Tuesday, Jan. 15, 10 a.m.
 Lahn, Tuesday, Jan. 22, 10 a.m.
 Trade, Tuesday, Feb. 12, 10 a.m.
 Lahn, Tuesday, Feb. 19, 10 a.m.
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tuesday, March 5, 10 a.m.

MEDITERRANEAN

New York, Genoa
 Kaiserin Maria Theresia, January 12; Werra, Jan. 19; Kaiser Wm. II., Jan. 26; Aller, Saturday, Feb. 2, 11 a.m.; Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Saturday, Feb. 16, 11 a.m.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND

73 Yonge Street, Toronto
 SOUTH FOR THE WINTER

Florida, Bermuda, Jamaica
 Nassau, West Indies
 All information and plans
 Barlow Cumberland, 73 Yonge St., Toronto

AMERICAN LINE

New York-Southampton-London
 Kensington, Wednesday, Jan. 9, at noon.
 Noordland, Wednesday, Jan. 16, at noon.
 Friedland, Wednesday, Jan. 23, at noon.
 Vaderland, Wednesday, Jan. 30, at noon.

RED STAR LINE

New York-Antwerp-Paris
 Sailing Wednesdays at noon.
 Kensington, Jan. 9; Friedland, Jan. 23.
 Noordland, Jan. 16; Southwark, Jan. 30.
 International Navigation Company
 Piers 14 and 15, N.R. Office: 73 Broadway.
 Barlow Cumberland, 73 Yonge St., Toronto

New York & Cuba Mail S.S. Co.

Nassau, Havana, Mexico and all Central
 American and West India Trips.

R. M. MELVILLE

Can. Pass. Agent TORONTO
 Second Grand Tour of Mexico.

On February 27, 1901, the Wabash Railroad Company will run their second personally conducted and select party of 60 people for a grand thirty-day tour of Old Mexico, the Italy of North America. This will be by far the grandest and most comprehensive tour ever run by any railroad company in the world. This will be a chance of your life to see this grand old land of the Montezumas. All principal points of interest will be visited. The train will be the finest ever seen in this country, consisting of Dining, Sleeping, Observation and Baggage Cars built specially for this trip. The route will be over ten different railroads, covering 7,000 miles of travel. Full particulars with itinerary of this wonderful trip at Wabash Railroad Office, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

J. A. RICHARDSON,
 Dist. Pass. Agt.

Through Sleeping Car via New York Central and Hudson River R.R.

There is a sleeping car on the C.P.R. train leaving Toronto at 5.20 p.m., which runs through to New York, via the New York Central, and arrives in New York at 8 o'clock the following morning at Grand Central station, Fourth Avenue and Forty-second Street. If you want to travel by day, leave Toronto 9.45 a.m., and get the Empire State Express, arrive New York 10 p.m. C.P.R. agent, corner King and Yonge, or at Union Station, will sell you tickets and give full information.

Anecdotal.

"British Museum Newton, the archaeologist, was a capital story-teller," says A. J. C. Hare in his story of "My Life." He was once at a spiritualistic seance, where an old cockney was informed that the spirit manifested was

A Display at The Bookshop

Beautiful Art Calendars

The disappearance of the meaningless Christmas Card has been hastened by the Art Calendar.

Dainty creations—unique conceptions—artistic triumphs. These and other admiring adjectives have been laid before the Calendars in our Art Room.

As a study in art—an absorbing and of interest for student and art lover—our display takes a favored place.

Most of the *chef d'œuvres* are exclusive to the Bookshop.

All may enjoy this exhibit, which will be kept open until New Year's Eve.

Every Calendar is for sale—the prices range from 5 cents to \$5.00.

WM. TYRRELL & CO.
 No. 8 West King St.

his deceased wife, whereupon the following dialogue took place: "Is that you, 'Arriet'?" "Yes, it is me." "Are you 'appy, 'Arriet'?" "Yes, very 'appy." "Applie then you was with me, 'Arriet'?" "Yes, much 'applie." "Where are you, 'Arriet'?" "In 'ell."

The thoroughness with which Tolstol carries out his theory of non-resistance is illustrated by this anecdote: Some time ago he was the subject of an interview at the hands of an American journalist, whom the Count asked to his country home, and who put him under prolonged and ruthless examination. At last the visitor came to an end, and the gentle sufferer saw his questioner into the carriage. As the parting greetings were being exchanged the guest hinted that after all he had not learned everything he wanted to know. "Then you must come into the house again and stay another day with us," was the Count's reply, and he would take no denial.

A well-known but somewhat conceited novelist was once staying at a country house where the Prince of Wales was one of the guests. After dinner one evening the conversation turned upon fascinating and exciting novels. "I hope your Royal Highness will not imagine that I think too much of my ability as a writer when I confess that I have frequently got up at four in the morning in order to enjoy one of my own books." "Ah! indeed," replied the Prince, very quietly. "Do you know, Mr. X., that I also got up at four o'clock the other morning and commenced to read a certain book of yours?" "Oh! your Royal Highness!" said Mr. X., delighted. "And how did you enjoy it?" "Well," said the Prince, with one of his winning smiles, "I had hardly time to read much; I was fast asleep again at half-past four!"

A clergyman of the "bon vivant" type once gave his congregation a dramatic surprise, which was quite unprepared for, by turning what might have been a scandalous revelation of his own ungodly pursuits to excellent homiletical account. He had been surprised by a call to the pulpit whilst in the midst of an exciting game of cards, and not wishing to lose the advantage of a particularly good hand which he held, proposed to his friends that each of them should pocket his cards as they were, and resume the game as soon as he had delivered a short address. "Ah! flock. But, as ill-luck would have it, while hurriedly ascending the pulpit stairs, the whole of his treasured cards were jerked out, and fell to the floor in full view of all the people. A dull man might perhaps have given up his saintly character, as well as his game, without a struggle. Not so our witty priest. After an introductory prayer, he called a boy from among the worshippers, and bade him pick up the first card he came to. "What is it called?" was the inquiry. "The Ace of Spades," promptly replied the boy. Another boy was called to pick up another card, which he unhesitatingly declared to be the King of Spades, and so on, until all the cards were picked up. Then each boy was rapidly asked a question from the Catechism, and, as the wily priest had surmised, not one of them could give a satisfactory answer. Whereupon the indignant priest turned sternly upon the parents of the boys and denounced them for indulging the immortal souls of their children by bringing them up in such a fashion that they were well acquainted with every card in the pack, and yet absolutely ignorant of the simplest elements of their religion.

The First Stroke.

A Fling at the Furringtons. A New Century Idea.

THEY stood on the bracket together, the khaki statuette, the Japanese doll, and the Kruger pig. It was nearing midnight, and the last hour of the century. Said the doll: "I am glad it's over, this last hundred years. I've had my troubles. While I was being painted my artist was called away to a war. I nearly turned white when I arrived in San Francisco, months after, and heard it called the 'Jap-Chin' fight." "Ah!" said the Khaki soldier, "don't say war in my neighborhood," and he glared his empty gun angrily and glared at the Kruger pig. "Not in mine, too!" said the Kruger pig. "I am for peace and intervention and change of air. What on earth that fool the West means by playing tag so long I can't see. I want to go home to my sty." The Khaki soldier, who was standing on the very edge of the bracket, and the Japanese doll, who leaned airily against the wall, treasured, over the moving of the air, and one great sounding boom. The Japanese doll swayed and slid over against the Khaki soldier, who toppled a second and lurched upon the Kruger pig, his tiny gun piercing the very distended hide of that worthy beast as the three of them fell in a heap to the floor. "It's the end of the world," squeaked the Kruger pig through his whistle. "It's the beginning of the twentieth century," said the Khaki soldier, standing bravely on his head in the lap of the Japanese doll. She, twinkling her clever slit eyes, sighed, as well as her load would let her, "It's the Big Ben!"

I have wasted four solid hours to-day, with which I had so much to accomplish. "Because I have been reading The Furringtons. Lured to this extravagance was I by the first few sentences of description of that high land of England which parts the East and West, on one side smoke and toll, on the other smiling landscape, purring stream, the rest and beauty of rural England. It's a wonderful view one gets, as I got it in '99, from that high ridge, and those opening lines of The Furringtons captivated me, telling of it so glibly, as I began to read. I hated the book all the way through, for it's a hateful story. One protest against Elizabeth, against Christopher, against Alan most of all. Cyril and Felicia are detestable; so is Mrs. Herbert. I don't ever remember a book

with so many horrid human creatures in it. The only one of the lot who seemed bearable was Aunt Maria Furrington, whose religion was to sit up and hold yourself well. By the way, there is nothing more needed among our young folks heresabouts than a brigade of Aunt Marias to train them in consideration of the beauty of a dignified and erect bearing. It's just as easy to achieve a habit of carrying the chin imperially as to imitate the harmless duck going to the pond with the poke and the stretch one sees so often. Just as easy, and infinitely beneficial to one's health to elevate the chest as an habitual pose, as to drop it hollow and encircle it so far as possible with shoulders and chin. "If you serve God and do your duty," says dear Aunt Maria Furrington, "you will find plenty of people ready to love you; and especially if you carry yourself well and never stoop." Elizabeth carried herself well, the book records, but that she ever found anyone to love her is more than I can believe, for of all the horrid girls I ever read about, she is quite the horriddest. The book says Christopher loved her. I don't see how he could.

"It's no wonder you love England," writes the professor, through whose eyes I have seen this greatest beauty. You are Irish, and the Irish are more fond of this country than even ourselves. For one ounce of fervid patriotism in the English soldier there are always two ounces—purely English, mind you—in the Irish one. That sort of thing is their strong point. We admire the finer flavor, but can't equal it. So ignorantly, the professor! While I go back over a quarter of a century nearly, and see how he has taught me to love that beautiful little land he calls home, to see with his keen artist and poet eyes how the Irish possess and conquer, lights and shadows, colors and forms that charm and hold, there are on the sweet face of the home-land. Just as when he led me up steep and back-breaking paths to the ridge whence one gets the view the mention of which made me read that wretched book, The Furringtons.

What would some of my friends think of the idea of starting a national photographic record of Canada? "There would not," writes the Professor, who has done wonderful things in this way in England, "be so much to record in Canada as here, but it would be worth while to start such a work there. The most important things to record would be the relics of the native Indians; next in importance would be the buildings, furniture, etc., of the early colonists. I can fancy the utilitarian spirit of to-day crying out: 'Oh, what is the good of that? Who is interested?' This spirit is quite hopeless, and cannot understand museums, or the fascination for the student and the thinker which those old things would have. 'Do you know,' said one of these persons, these to-day narrow thinkers, 'what I would like to see is the history of the nation, the quaint things exhibited by the Historical Society at Victoria last year (no, last century). I should pile it up and make a good big bonfire of it.' And another to-day spirit applauded the courage and independence of tradition of this person, while for some her soul seemed to shrink visibly and her personality became a thing of no further possible interest, so uncanonical was it. If such a to-day spirit reads the proposal to get together the photographic record of Canada I can picture her or his impatience and contempt, and yet, some day, these photos would be of great value, enriching our museums, libraries, book illustrations and the like. Types of humanity, quaint costumes; for instance, that Quaker community, or the Irishmen of London Township, or the Glangarry Township folk, all with their Canadian adaptations, would make valuable pictures when some future Anthony Hope or graver writers record tales of love and war and all the happenings that make that novel or history of to-day, and will do the same for to-morrow's readers. For Canada, will, like many another fair maid, have some day her past. She is making history now, by leaps and bounds, and such a record as is the National Photographic Record in England will some day be of inestimable value and interest. Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P. of Birmingham, started the thing in England not so long ago, and has secured a department in the British Museum. English students, men and women, and scholars, all over the country, expert photographers, are gathering together pictures of old landmarks, quaint architecture, curious forms, and the interest seems very general. The whole tone of this new, busy, go-ahead country seems out of tune with such careful, painstaking, earnest and unselfish interest, but it may be otherwise. At all events, I mention the idea, and let it work.

"There are two aims in life—what one can enjoy and what one can do," says a correspondent this week. "Life for me is earnest. I can't even play games, because they aren't in earnest. I have no taste for pottering. I wish to do everything in the best manner attainable!" There's a point of view to make one tired! I felt, after I read it, as if I'd been standing on my tiptoes for an hour. So it doesn't seem to agree with everyone, though it sounds noble. Always what you can accomplish, never what you can enjoy, just for the fun of it? Oh, no; all work, ever so high-toned, and no play, makes Jack and Jill over-burdened, saddened by realities of impotence, tiresome personalities to the world in general, and an alternate reproach and annoyance to the unhappy few who are nearest. Those restless, unsatisfied, tireless creatures who never have time or wish for harmless foolishness and who dare not waste a moment doing nothing at all, can rest assured that some exasperated soul will read their obituary with a keen and wicked satisfaction. What a glorious time they will have in Paradise, having trained their minds to do nothing but work and accomplish! They won't be able to enjoy the peace, the rest and the happiness, just as we are not able to sleep when we have sat up too late. Let us play sometimes, and not be quite so noble!

LADY GAY.

Irish Repartee.

THE quaint repartee and whimsical humor of an Irish witness gave a fillip of excitement to the duller court room. Quite recently, says a writer in the "Green Bag," a man for using abusive language in the street.

"What did he say?" asked the magistrate.

"He went foreinist the whole world at the corner of Capel street, and called me, yes, he did, Yer Wushup, an old emmunicated gasometer."

"He called me out of me name," said a witness, in a case of assault.

The judge, trying to preserve the relevancy of the witness's testimony, said:

"That's a civil action, my good woman."

The witness's eyes flashed fire as she looked up at the judge, and retorted: "Musha then, if ye call that a 'civil action,' 'tis a bad blagard ye must be yerself!"

A witness was once asked the amount of his gross income.

"Me gross income, is it?" he answered. "Sure, an' ye know I've no gross income. I'm a fisherman, and me income is all net."

"No man," said a wealthy but rather weak-headed barrister, "should be admitted to the bar who has not an independent landed property."

"May I ask, sir," said a witty and eminent Irish lawyer, "how many acres make a wisecrack?"

The element of the unexpected which characterizes Irish fun crops out in other places beside the court room. It may be an old story, but it is as pertinent as its subject, of the priest who preached a sermon on "Grace." "An' me brethren," he said in conclusion, "if ye have wan spark of heavenly grace, wather it, wather it continually."

Another priest who had delivered what seemed to him an excellent and striking sermon was anxious to ascertain its effect on his flock. "Was the sermon to-day to y'r liking, Pat?" he enquired of one of them.

"Throth, y'r reverence, it was a grand sermon entirely," said Pat, with such genuine admiration that his reverence felt moved to investigate further.

"Was there any one part of it more than another that seemed to take hold of ye?" he enquired.

"Well, now, as ye are for axin' me, begorra, I'll tell ye. What tuk hold of me most was y'r reverence's perseverence—the way ye went over the same thing agin and agin and agin."

Well Trained.

Lawyer—Madam, allow me to compliment you upon the able manner in which you replied to such a fire of cross-examination. Where did you learn to do it? The Witness—Easily enough. I haven't been interviewed by servants for the last ten years for nothing.—Harper's "Bazar."

Ethel—Count Grafton, who is engaged to Maud Grotto, seems to be a very fragile-looking man. Thomas—Yes, they say the slightest "touch" would break him.—Boston "Herald."

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Coupons, Enclosures unless accompanied by name, are not studied.

Sweet Sixteen.—You should be more than a distant, noisy study, and if you live up to it you are a remarkably fine specimen of girlhood. Every line unites force and grace; there isn't a petty turn, a petty idea, or a petty thought. Your ideas are clear and sensible, thought broad and just, enterprise good, and impulse ambitious enough to give proper buoyancy and inspiration. You are frank but discreet, rather conservative, but so adaptable that you probably take the best of the old regime and of the new. Pride, self-respect, generosity, and courage are shown. "I don't know why," but I don't do it. I don't do this case. "It would be a privilege to love so fine a creature, and if she were a bit self-willed, to let her go her own way." 2. Your character for kindness, person was all you say, but not a relative, though much liked and respected, merely a comrade by marriage.

Miss Dignity.—Your second letter just to hand. I suppose you got the answer to your first long ago, and that, therefore, I need not repeat your declaration of independence to you. Remember. A woman born on July 8 is a Cancer, crab, you know, and her element is water. March and November, besides being the other great months, are also the most congenial from which to choose your companions. I should say November for mental and moral, for spiritual and emotional comradeship. Early marriage, unless under most favorable conditions and circumstances, never makes a woman happy for the Cancer woman. She has unlimited capacity for wretchedness and an aptness above all others for destroying happiness in another. Very sensitive, apt to respond, devious even in thought, changeable as Luna, which governs Cancer (the only sign so ruled), but once properly developed spiritually there is no stronger, more brilliant, or more useful woman than this difficult Cancer one. I hope you will justify your writing, which is pretty and refined.

The Philistine.—I am afraid your writing is not sufficiently well developed to afford a satisfactory study. You have good, clear sequence of ideas, some humor, tenacity, practical nature, and exceedingly careful method and good, finished work. Your impulse is independent of control, and you will in time, probably, be very self-reliant. In the meantime, don't ask me more.

Queen Mab.—It is utterly unsuitable for study, very immature, and looks like a schoolboy's. If I took it to bits you'd never get over the many atrocious traits I could put upon you. It really isn't fair to even criticize it till it gets more character. R.C.A.—It isn't any wonder! Right you are, my good friend. Did you happen to see the "Green Bag" yesterday? Just write to unburden your very energetic mind of those patriotic sentiments? I'll hold you for a while to find out. Married Mick.—You have enthused over them all but one. No one is more glad than your present friend to welcome the hero soldiers back, or more grieved like a schoolboy's. If I took it to bits you'd never get over the many atrocious traits I could put upon you. It really isn't fair to even criticize it till it gets more character. R.C.A.—It isn't any wonder! Right you are, my good friend. Did you happen to see the "Green Bag" yesterday? Just write to unburden your very energetic mind of those patriotic sentiments? I'll hold you for a while to find out. Married Mick.—You have enthused over them all but one. No one is more glad than your present friend to welcome the hero soldiers back, or more grieved like a schoolboy's. If I took it to bits you'd never get over the many atrocious traits I could put upon you. It really isn't fair to even criticize it till it gets more character.



IT'S THE MODE

EVERYTHING IN
PLEATING

Knife and Accordion Pleating in all sizes. Suburban in Fancy and Dancer Skirts. We reshape hem and rent ruffles, and make Pleated Skirts to order. Hemstitching, Single or Double, Plain Tucking, Shell Tucking, Cording, Shirring, Fluting, etc.

Canada Featherbone Co.

46 RICHMOND ST. WEST
 (Near Temple Building.)

CROMPTON CORSETS...

Erect Form
 "Style A."

is an Ideal Corset. A perfect support for the back—throws the shoulders back—reduces the abdomen—gives a fine, queenly poise to the figure. Made in fine English Couture; straight front; medium length.

Sold by all Leading Merchants



valids, not so sick in body maybe, as weary and disappointed in heart for their ill-fortune. Sometimes, when I'm thinking hard, Mick, my boy, my heart is full of them—too full to bother about the glory or the graves of South Africa. There are such, I know. You say: "I wonder whether Toronto will realize what our Canadian Roberts' Otter, has been doing better than they did in '97." Well, I hope you were at the banquet last week. There was a bald-headed, bristling-moustached old chap who yelled a wild Hibernian yell for the hero once! Say, wasn't that you? God bless your Irish heart, and forgive you your awful writing. Thanks for a new nickname, too, for our warrior Canadian Roberts. Well, that's not so worse, is it? Happy New Year to you, Martial Mick; you're made of good stuff.

Julietta.—I didn't make that joke, my dear. I've read it over carefully, and come to the conclusion that it was too much of a joke to fit in the column, and that the printers left out the last of it. So you and everyone may go guessing! It's a joke on us, isn't it, but what do printers care? It ever find the end of that joke I'll put it in this column for you. 2. Your writing shows a good deal of cheerful and sweet-spirited capacity for work, and you are careful in trusting anyone, but rather inclined to sentiment, and perhaps fond of Romeo in the abstract, so to speak. You never lightly give up a project, nor an idea, but stick to your point like a leech. You'll probably achieve success in this account. You're never visionary, are capable of affection, and don't seem very ambitious. I should think all your work would be neat and orderly.

Carri.—I should be very happy to write on your birch-bark leaf, my dear. Say just what you want, nom de plume or real name, sentiments or merely signature, and send it along as soon as you please, with an addressed envelope to reinstate it, or "feverishly" for you to oblige you, and sorry not to have seen your letter sooner.

Nenta.—Is that you, and had you a good time here last month? Very glad to tell your character, I want you to promise to stop your interpenetrating language. Don't faint, but you did say "awfully" and "feverishly" about seven times in that short letter. Why use a sledge-hammer to slay a mosquito? It's silly. 2. Your character is very fair, not remarkable for very great sweetness or light, but a good strong, bright, impulsive, working one, self-reliant, a wee bit inclined to pessimism, not very logical, brightly intuitive, and decidedly clever. It would never be found rusting or moulding for want of brisk and enterprising activity. You have strong sense of discipline, would be conventional, and decidedly impatient of interference once you had made up your mind. I think you have a taste of pride, too, and a frank and cordial nature.

Marguerite.—Read what I said to Martial Mick. Your writing is very sensitive, sympathetic, imaginative, conditions I see bit inclined to beauty. I find good observation, and a tendency to compare, weigh and deduct which shows a good deal of analytical tendency and justice. You are ambitious, not always discreet, but probably

charming. According to Colonel Otter, the honor and glory take second place to the friendly appreciation and affection of the home land.

A Fair Canadiane.—I Do I like poetry? Well, not just as you do, my pretty one. You may, as you say, do, enjoy the vague feeling of sadness which "Break, break, break" brings over you. When the "vanished hand" and the voice that is still," are real, you won't probably care to warble of them. You'll want to be still, play, self. But blessed youth is yours, play at sadness, joy looking on! Your writing shows love of beauty, sympathy, tact, and good sequence of ideas. You waste effort, but have fine energy and a generally alive and receptive nature. Don't talk too small nor too frankly. You may easily do so at times. You are neat and careful. I wish you had not written on lines. It cramps your study.

Guy.—I. What do I think of the elections? Oh, I've stopped thinking of them long ago. Once they are over, one need not! and I have so many necessary things to think about. You, for instance! 2. Your writing is distinctly ambitious, careful, independent, reasonable, and cheerful. I don't think you would be easily discouraged. Some energy and great force are shown. You really should succeed, though not assuredly in the precise direction of your ambitions. Don't despise small things; brighter because you come back to us. I'll mark it a red letter, Betty, love, they make the great ones.

Betty.—The calendar came in prime order, dear. The glass not even jarred—at which I wonder. I hope that one of the days of the new century will be brighter because you come back to us. I'll mark it a red letter, Betty, love, so don't be hesitating!

Grafton.—Your month is indeed a hard one, and the only way to do is to fight it out all the way. Stay to yourself, my brave man, from Capetown to Pretoria, and keep at it. I am always glad of a letter like this, because it's so easy to say the heartening word, and it helps one—does it not? When you've won above the sign that is so hard to overcome, let me know. I should fall in love with some good, reasonable woman, if I were you. She'll help.

Do You Like a Good Dinner?

See that the celebrated
WINDSOR SALT
 is on the table—Pure,
 Sparkling, White.

Without an equal.

THE
WINDSOR SALT CO.
 LIMITED

Windsor, Ont.

Dodd's Kidney Pills

are the only medicine that will cure Diabetes. Like Bright's Disease this disease was incurable until Dodd's Kidney Pills cured it. Doctors themselves confess that without Dodd's Kidney Pills they are powerless against Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured Diabetes. Imitations—box, name and pill, are advertised to do so, but the medicine that does cure

Kidney Pills they are powerless against Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured Diabetes. Imitations—box, name and pill, are advertised to do so, but the medicine that does cure

Kidney Pills they are powerless against Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured Diabetes. Imitations—box, name and pill, are advertised to do so, but the medicine that does cure

Kidney Pills they are powerless against Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured Diabetes. Imitations—box, name and pill, are advertised to do so, but the medicine that does cure

Kidney Pills they are powerless against Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured Diabetes. Imitations—box, name and pill, are advertised to do so, but the medicine that does cure

Kidney Pills they are powerless against Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured Diabetes. Imitations—box, name and pill, are advertised to do so, but the medicine that does cure

Kidney Pills they are powerless against Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured Diabetes. Imitations—box, name and pill, are advertised to do so, but the medicine that does cure

Kidney Pills they are powerless against Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured Diabetes. Imitations—box, name and pill, are advertised to do so, but the medicine that does cure

Kidney Pills they are powerless against Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured Diabetes. Imitations—box, name and pill, are advertised to do so, but the medicine that does cure

Kidney Pills they are powerless against Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured Diabetes. Imitations—box, name and pill, are advertised to do so, but the medicine that does cure

Kidney Pills they are powerless against Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured Diabetes. Imitations—box, name and pill, are advertised to do so, but the medicine that does cure

Kidney Pills they are powerless against Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured Diabetes. Imitations—box, name and pill, are advertised to do so, but the medicine that does cure

Kidney Pills they are powerless against Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured Diabetes. Imitations—box, name and pill, are advertised to do so, but the medicine that does cure

Kidney Pills they are powerless against Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured Diabetes. Imitations—box, name and pill, are advertised to do so, but the medicine that does cure

O'Keefe's Special

Turn It
 Upside Down

—DRINKS IT ALL
 —NO DRESS
 —NOT CARBONATED

The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented. A single trial will convince.

To be had at all hotels and dealers

The O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. of Toronto Limited

THE
DOMINION BREWERY CO.
 LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL
 JUBILEE and
 INDIA PALE... ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

THE
DOMINION BREWERY CO.
 LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL
 JUBILEE and
 INDIA PALE... ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

An Echo of Christmas.

THE following story, told by the "Youth's Companion," will excite various emotions. Some readers will laugh at it; others will be indignant; and every boy that reads it will be glad his name is not Freddy Keedick.

"I think I shall have to get a Christmas present for little Freddy Keedick," said Mrs. Dillingham to her husband one evening early in December.

"Don't you think you have enough little nephews and nieces to provide for in that way?" asked Mr. Dillingham.

"We have enough, that's true, but Mrs. Keedick was so very kind when Nellie was sick in the summer that I feel somewhat under obligation to her."

"Then I would get Freddy a Christmas present, by all means. What do you suppose would be suitable?"

"I have not been able to make up my mind as to that. What do you think?"

"Oh, don't ask me!"

"I have an idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Dillingham. "I'll make a call on Mrs. Keedick this afternoon, and try to find out what sort of a present would be acceptable to Freddy."

In pursuance of this resolve, Mrs. Dillingham was shown into Mrs. Keedick's parlor on the afternoon of the next day, and after a few preliminary exchanges of opinion on unimportant matters, the conversation was led around to Christmas by the caller.

"I suppose Freddy receives quite a number of gifts each Christmas," said she.

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Keedick. "He has a few relatives who always remember him, but really the presents we appreciate the most are those his papa and I give him."

"That is because you know what pleases him best," said Mrs. Dillingham.

"Yes, that's it. I haven't much patience with the toys that his Uncle Henry and his Aunt Polly bring."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I prefer something useful! Now, that French clock on the mantel there has given me more satisfaction than any other present Freddy has ever received at Christmas."

"Was that a Christmas present to Freddy?" asked Mrs. Dillingham, in surprise.

"Yes. We needed a clock in this room, and I told Mr. Keedick that as we had to get Freddy a Christmas present we might as well buy him a clock."

"Does Freddy like it?"

"Well, he doesn't exactly go into raptures over it, but I find it very useful indeed. Then Freddy has plenty of trash given to him at Christmas, so that it really doesn't matter. Then I like him to have useful things, you know. That writing-desk there was another Christmas present to Freddy."

"But that is a lady's writing-desk."

"I know it is. You see I had decided that he ought to have a writing-desk, because it would be so useful, but when I went to buy it I could not find a desk suitable for a small boy. However, I say that lovely lady's desk for sale at a bargain, and I thought it would be sinful to lose the opportunity of getting it for Freddy, as I had gone out for the very purpose of buying him a desk."

"I see," replied Mrs. Dillingham.

"Then those lovely vases in the parlor, which you have admired so often,

are also some of Freddy's Christmas presents. The way we happened to get them was this: Mr. Keedick could not think of anything useful to buy for Freddy last Christmas, and I happened to think of those vases, which I had seen at such a very reasonable price in a store down town. The parlor was so bare of ornaments that we needed them very badly, and so I went straight out and bought them for Freddy."

Mrs. Dillingham rose to go, and as Mrs. Keedick followed her caller to the door, she continued to explain how much more sensible it was to give children useful presents rather than gimcracks, which are broken in a week or two.

Mrs. Dillingham went home, and surprised her husband with the announcement that she had decided to give Freddy Keedick a handsome sofa pillow for Christmas.

The Humming Bird

A STORY OF CRIMINAL LIFE ON THE EAST SIDE OF NEW YORK.

"NIT: I'm in a hurry to chase myself to-night," quoth Chucky, having first, however, taken his drink. "I'd like to stay an' chin wit' youse, but I can't. D' fact is I've got company over be me joint; he's a dead good friend of mine, see! Leastwise he has been; an' more'n onct, when I'm in d' hole, he's reached me his mit an' pulled me out. Now he's down on his luck I'm goin' to make good, an' for an even break on past favors, see if I can't straighten up his game."

"Who is your friend?" I asked.

"Does he live here?"

"Naw," retorted Chucky; "he's a crook, an' don't live nowhere. His name's Mollie Matches, an' d' day was when Mollie's d' flyest fine-walker on Byrne's books. An' say! that ain't no fake neider."

"What did he do?" I inquired.

"Leathers, supers an' rocks," replied Chucky. "Of course, d' supers has to be yellow; d' wile kind don't pay; an' d' rocks has to be d' real ting. In d' old day, Mollie was d' king of d' dips, for fair! Of all d' crooks he was d' nob, an' many's d' time I've seen him come into d' Gran' Central wit' his three stalls an' a Sheeny kid to carry d' swag, an' all as swell a mob as ever does time."

"But he's fell be d' wayside now, an' don't youse fergit it! Not only is he broke for dough, but his health is busted, too."

"That's one of the strange things to me, Chucky," I said, for I was disposed to detain him if I could, and hear a bit more of his devious friend; "one of the very strange things! Here's your friend Mollie, who has done nothing, so you say, but steal watches, diamonds and pocketbooks all his life, and yet to-day he is without a dollar."

"Oh! as for that," returned Chucky wisely, "a crook don't make so much. In d' foist place, if he's nippin' leathers, nine out of ten of em's bound to be readers—no long green in 'em at all; nothin' but poppers, see! An' if he's nippin' tickers an' sparks, a fence won't pay more'n a fort' what dey's wort—an' there you be, see! Then ag'in, it costs a hundred plunks a day to keep a mob on d' road; an' what wit' puttin' up to d' plice for protection, an' what wit' squarin' a con or brakey if youse are graffin' on a train, there ain't, after his stalls has their bits, much left for Mollie. Takin' in over all, Mollie's dead lucky to get a hundred out of a t'ousand plunks; an' yet he's d' mug who has to put his hooks on d' stuff every time; do d' work an' take d' chances, see!"

"But I'll tip it off to youse," continued Chucky, at the same time lowering his tone confidentially; "I'll put you on to what knocks Mollie's eye out just now. He's only a week ago toiled out of one of de Western pens, an' I reckon he was bad wit' 'em at d' finish—givin' 'em a racket. Anyhow, dey confers on Mollie d' Hummin' Bird, an' dey overplays. Mollie's gettin' old, an' can't stand for what he could onct; an' as I says, these prison marks gives him too much of d' Hummin' Bird, an' it breaks his noive."

"Sure! Mollie's now what youse call hysterical; got bats in his hoop half d' time. If it wasn't for d' hop I shoots into him wit' a dandy little hyperdermic gun me Rag's got, he'd be in d' booby house. An' all for too much Hummin' Bird! Say! on d' level! there ought to be a law ag'inst it."

"What in heaven's name is the Hummin' Bird?" I queried.

"It's d' prison punishment," replied Chucky. "Youse see, every pen has its punishment. In some, it's d' paddles, an' some ag'in don't do a ting but hang a guy up be a pair of handcuffs to his cell door so his toes just scrapes d' floor. In others dey starves you; an' in others still, dey slams you in d' dark hole."

"Say! if youse are out to make some poor mark nutty for fair, just give him d' dark hole for a week. There he is wit' nothin' in d' cell but himself, see! an' all as black as ink. Mebbe if d' guards is out to keep him movin', dey toins d' hose in an' wets down d' floor before dey leaves him. But honest to God! youse put a poor sucker in d' dark hole an' be d' end of ten hours it's apples to ashes he ain't on to it whether he's been in a day or a week. Keep him there a week, an' away goes his cupolo—he ain't onto nothin'. On d' square! at d' end of a week in d' dark, a mut don't know he's livin'."

"D' cat-o'-nine-tails, which dey has at Jeff City, ain't a marker to d' dark hole! D' cat'll crack d' skin all right, all right, but d' dark hole cracks a sucker's nut, see! His cocoa never is on straight ag'in, after he's done a stunt or two in d' dark hole."

"But the Hummin' Bird?" I persisted.

"What is it like?"

"Why, as I relates," retorted Chucky, "d' Hummin' Bird is what dey does to a guy in d' pen where Mollie was to teach him not to be too gay. It's like this: Here's a gooby, doin' time, see! Well, he gets funny. Mebbe he soaks some other prisoner; or mebbe he toins loose an' gives it to some guard in d' neck; or mebbe ag'in he kicks on d' lock-step. I've seen a heap of mugs who does d' last."

"Anyhow, whatever he does, it gets to be a case of Hummin' Bird, an'

He Got Back All Right.



Wife (angrily)—Seems to me that we have been married so long that I can't even remember when or where we first met.
He (quietly)—I can. It was at a dinner party, and there were thirteen at the table.

dey brings me gay scrapper or klicker, whichever he is, out for punishment. An' this is what he gets ag'in!"

"Dey sets him in a high trough, same as dey waters a horse wit', see! Foist dey shucks d' mark—peels off his make-up down to d' buff. An' then dey sets him in d' trough like I says, wit' mebbe its eight inches of water in it."

"Then he's strapped be d' ankies, an' d' fins an' about his waist, so he can't do nothin' but stay where he is. A sawbones gets him be d' pulse an' one of them 'lectrical stiffs t'rows a wire, which is one end of d' battery, in d' water. D' wire, which is d' other end, finishes in a wet sponge. An' say! hully hell! when dey touches a poor mark wit' d' sponge end on d' shoulder, or mebbe d' elbow, it completes d' circuit, see! an' it'll fetch such a glory hallelujah yelp out of him as would bring a deaf an' dumb asylum into d' front yard to find out what d' row's about."

"It's d' same ting as d' chair at Sing Sing, only not so warm. It's enough, though, to make d' toughest mug t'row a fit. No one stands for a second trip; one touch of d' Hummin' Bird! an' a duck'll welch on anyting you says—do anyting, be anyting; only so youse let up an' don't give him no more. D' mere name of Hummin' Bird's good enough to t'run a scare into d' hardest an' d' woiest of em, onct dey's had a piece."

"As I says about Mollie: It seems them Indians gives him d' Hummin' Bird! an' dey gives him d' gaff too deep. But I've got to chase myself now, and pump some dose into him. I ought to land Mollie right side up in a week. An' then I'll bring him over to this boozin' ken of ours, an' cap youse a knock-down to him. Ta! Ta!"

—Alfred Henry Lewis.

Money in Vaudeville.

In the United States there are about sixty-seven theaters devoted to vaudeville. There are two in Canada; and two are in process of being in London. With the exception of a few parks, where performances are given only in summer, almost all these theaters are open the year round.

Of such theaters twelve are in Greater New York, seven are in Chicago; in the Eastern States there are thirty-four; in the Middle West and South twenty-four, and on the Pacific Coast there are two. There is none between Omaha and San Francisco.

In order to keep these houses supplied with performers from 550 to 700 acts are required. An act may be a sweet girl singing tearful ballads of love and parting; it may be a pair of knockabout comedians; it may be a well-known legitimate actor and his company of three or four; or it may be a man with trained elephants. In answer to this demand there is a supply of 1,500 acts. Half of this number is made up of people that get along indifferently or not at all. You may be sure that the latter consider the vaudeville business to be in a very bad way.

As a fact, several millions stand invested in vaudeville to-day. Of the managers, at least one is a millionaire, and he has this advantage over many millionaires, in that he passes nearly all his time on his yacht. His wife has spent a small fortune in collecting pictures of the Madonna and of the Holy Family by old masters. At least ten others have made enough money to convince them of the utter fallacy of the income tax.—Richard Duffy in "Ainslee's."

Overawed by the Pope.

Only once is Emperor William known to have lost his marvelous nerve. It was when he received in a private audience by Leo XIII. Strange to say, the self-possessed young Emperor felt completely overawed by the presence of the Holy Father and his entourage. A gentleman who was present and witnessed the whole scene said that a student coming before a row of examiners, or a culprit appearing before a court, could not have looked more frightened than did the Emperor when he stood between the folding doors of the audience hall as they opened before him. As he caught sight of the Pope, in white garments, stiff, immobile, almost unearthly, surrounded by half a dozen cardinals in red robes, who were looking at him curiously, his half-powerless right hand, in which he held his present for the Pope, a gold snuff-box, with his own portrait framed in rubies, shook so violently that he dropped the treasure. The monarch who was nearest, in stooping to pick it up, bumped his head against that of the Emperor, who was similarly engaged; and the shock so unnerved his majesty that he quite forgot his helmet, which he held in his left hand, and which fell to the ground in its turn. At last everything was put straight. His Holiness was still quietly smiling his everyday smile, and William advanced a few steps to

An Unusual Portrait of Victoria.

An English correspondent of "Broadway Magazine" gives this description of his impressions of Queen Victoria: "From the center of the crown of her mushroom hat descended, on either side, a broad piece of black ribbon, which was tied in a big bow beneath a round, plump face. Her Majesty, if I may say so, looked decidedly out of temper. She had an ebony stick, which she vigorously tapped on the ground more than once, evidently to emphasize her remarks. Her hands, considering her size, are certainly large, but this is probably due to the fact that she suffers from rheumatism. Her gown was of plain black silk, with a very ample skirt, and over her shoulders she wore a garment that, for some occult reason, was termed a 'dolman' about nine or ten years ago. It was rather unfortunate that my first glimpse of our Queen should have been when she was presumably 'put out' about something or other. But the facts only go to prove that she is essentially a woman, with a woman's feelings as well as virtues, first, and a Queen afterwards!"

Confounded by a Boil.

"Town Topics."

According to the Christian Scientists, all disease is a mental condition. How, then, do they account for the diseases of animals that have no minds? Christian Science was riddled in the Surgeon's Court last week by Mr. John P. Bowers' clever cross-examination of Dr. Charles G. Pease, M.D., D.D.S., C.S., D.F. Asked how he would treat a boil, Dr. Pease said he would use a lancet. Asked if a boil was the only exception to the mentality of diseases and the cure of faith and prayer, Dr. Pease begged to amend his former answer, and explained that he would use the lancet if the patient were in a hurry to get rid of the boil, but if not, then prayers and trust in Providence would be efficacious. Asked if an ordinary boil would not heal if left long enough, even without Christian Science treatment, Dr. Pease stammered and hesitated, as if conscious that under the keen probing of Mr. Bowers he was "giving the whole snap away."

The Ideal Newspaper.

N. Y. "Life."

Dr. Parkhurst wants to start an ideal newspaper. It is suspected that the ideal newspaper, like the ideal Indian, is a dead one. Some newspapers are very much better than others, but that is the best that it has ever been possible to say of them for long at a time. There is a natural and insurmountable incompatibility between an ideal newspaper and any considerable number of paying subscribers. When the newspaper gets too good the subscribers fall off. Conversely, when the newspaper gets bad enough it sometimes attracts so many subscribers and gets so rich that it can afford to be quite good for a considerable period of time. Because a newspaper once thoroughly established is curiously hard to kill, it has long been thought to be easier to reform a wicked and prosperous paper than to start a brand-new good one. Why doesn't Dr. Parkhurst buy the "Journal"?

An Animal's Sense of Humor.

The proprietor of a small store in New York owns a black kitten that cultivates a habit of squatting on its haunches, like a bear or a kangaroo, and then sparring with its forepaws as if it had taken lessons from a pugilist. A New York exchange tells how the kitten conquered a big dog.

A gentleman took into the store an enormous black dog, half Newfoundland, half collie, fat, good-natured and intelligent. The tiny kitten, instead of bolting at once for shelter, retreated a few paces, sat erect on its hind legs and put its "fists" in an attitude of defiance.

The contrast in size between the two was intensely amusing. It reminded one of Jack the Giant Killer preparing to demolish a giant.

Slowly and without a sign of excitability the huge dog walked as far as his chain would allow him and gazed intently at the kitten and its odd posture. Then, as the comicality of the situation struck him, he turned his head and shoulders around to the spectators, and if animal ever laughed in the world, that dog assuredly did so then and there. He neither barked nor growled, but indulged in a low chuckle, while mouth and eyes beamed with merriment.

ASK FOR Labatt's (LONDON)

An ale free from the faults of Lager and heavier brands of Ale and having the virtues of a pure beverage.



SIR WILFRID LAURIER

"Hail to the Chief"

A magnificent photographic portrait from his favorite photo, almost life size, with autograph signature, in art brown on artistic brown gray mount, ready for framing, of

Sir Wilfrid Laurier,

sent, prepaid, on receipt of \$1.00, or framed in handsome Swiss oak frame, \$2.00. Light mount and gilt frame, \$2.00. "A genuine work of art."

The Grip Printing and Publishing Co. of Toronto, Limited
26-28 WEST ADELAIDE STREET
TORONTO

To Spoil His Business.

"No, I ain't got no more of that blue ribbon," said the country storekeeper, leaning across the counter, confidentially. "I've had two pieces of it and sold it right out in less than a month so I see it wa'n't no use to get any more, for I can't keep it in stock. I shouldn't have a thing in my store," he added, firmly, "if it sold out the way that ribbon did."—Harper's "Bazar."

Not With Her Voice.



"He does not love me any more." The Maiden sang, to shame him; And as the notes reached Papa's ears He murmured, "I don't blame him."

Kitchen Necessities.

"Cook, do we need any necessities for the kitchen?" "Yes'm; I'd like a Roman chair, one of them Venetian lanterns, an' some more pillers fer th' cosy corner."—Indianapolis "Journal."

A Lengthy Topic.

"Let's go into the library and have a cigar and a game of chess, old man." "I'm sorry, but I haven't time. My

Encouraging.

High-head—You are too set in your own opinions to be a good reasoner. Thick-head—I don't see how you can say that. I hold myself open to conviction even when I know I am right.

A Surprising Person.

Uncle Grimm—Mrs. Soggy is the spiest old lady of my acquaintance. Nephew—How so? Uncle Grimm—Why, although she weighs two hundred and ten pounds and has a wart on her chin, she never boasts about what a terrible flirt she was when a girl!—Harper's "Bazar."

Little Boats.

A thousand barks the uncertain ocean sail, Bruised by the winds, shaken although tempest-tossed; Where others, at the first breath of the gale, Struck on the rock of Fate and all was lost! —Lang 'n Ballinger.

"I never said anything to make your cousin mad." "Well, she didn't get mad for nothing." "I only said that I could tell by her face that she was an artist." —Exchange.

Little Tommy's sister had been ill, and when he saw her he exclaimed: "You look as though you had swallowed a skeleton too big for you!"—N. Y. "Life."

Sparkling Eyes

Rosy Cheeks

Graceful Forms

Come from a few

moments' daily

use of the

WHITELY

EXERCISER

It occupies the

least of space

against the wall,

yet gives the

greatest results

in expanding

chest, develop-

ing bust, cor-

recting round

shoulders,

strengthening

the back, and

reducing corpul-

ence.

It brings per-

fect physical

development

to men, women

and children.

Equally essen-

tial to athletes

and invalids.

Your doctor

will recom-

mend the Whitely

Exercise.

Made in four

grades at \$1.50,

\$2.25, \$3.75, \$1.00.

Booklet free.

The HAROLD A. WILSON CO., Limited

35 King St. West, Toronto.

For HARDWOOD FLOORS

LINOLEUMS AND OIL CLOTHS

...We recommend...

Johnson's

Floor Wax and Polishing Brushes.

Try the Powdered Wax for Dancing Floors.

The E. HARRIS Co., Limited

71 and 73 KING ST. EAST

Our Ornamental Glass

for dwellings is widely adopted owing to its superior finish and suitability of design.

THE Robt. McCausland Co. LIMITED

87 KING ST. W., TORONTO

J. W. L. FORSTER
... PORTRAIT PAINTING
Studio: 96 King Street West

JOHN P. SOUSA

The Well Known American Composer.



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA writes:

"When you are out of health and need a tonic, there is nothing so helpful as a glass of VIN MARIANI. It is a tonic of the highest quality, and it is available everywhere."

LAWRENCE A. WILSON & CO., Canadian Agents, MONTREAL.

VIN MARIANI

The now World-Famous Ideal French Tonic.

Orators, Lawyers, Ministers, Singers and all Public Speakers will find it particularly serviceable. Has the remarkable effect of strengthening the voice and maintaining its tone.

A Positive Preventive against all Forms of Fever.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS. AVOID SUBSTITUTES.



AT St. Patrick's Church on Christmas morning the mass in F by the distinguished French organist and composer, Alexandre Guilmant, was sung for the first time in Toronto. I was unfortunately unable to be present, but I am informed on good authority that the mass contains a great deal of music interesting alike to the musician and the student, and is in every way worthy of its composer. The setting of the Et Incarnatus for a trio of female voices is highly spoken of as being very beautiful. The Kyrie is ecclesiastical in style, being after the manner of Palestrina. The Gloria, brilliant and joyous in character, has a grand and massive opening on the words Gloria in Excelsis, the effect of which is enhanced by rapid and skillful change of key. The Gratias is arranged for a quartette of solo voices followed by some good chorus work. The invocation Qui Tollis is sung by a bass voice, and the accompanying prayer, Misereere Nobis, is assigned to the chorus. At the third invocation, Qui Sedes, the bass voice is joined by a tenor, and the concluding prayer is sung softly by the chorus. At the Quoniam there is a return to the first key and tempo, the voices in unison sing one theme while the instruments suggest a second, both of which a little further on, at the words Cum Sancto Spiritu, can be recognized in the subjects of the very fine double fugue of one hundred bars with which the Gloria concludes. The Sanctus, Benedictus and Agnus Dei are beautiful numbers, and fully sustain the high quality of the earlier portions of the work. The choir, I understand, gave a very creditable rendering of the mass, and it speaks well for the enterprise of their organist and choirmaster, Mr. Holmes, that the work should have been undertaken.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth, the director of the Metropolitan School of Music, has been spending his Christmas holidays in New York as the guest of Herr Friedheim, the eminent Russian solo pianist.

In referring to the retirement of Mr. Lloyd, whose farewell concert was given recently in the Albert Hall, London "Truth" remarks that the public hardly realize that England has no tenor to take his place. Most of the oratorios and cantatas which during the past twenty years have been produced at the English festivals have, as to the tenor music, been written specially in view of Mr. Lloyd's phenomenally high voice, which is of alto quite as much as of tenor quality. Very few surviving tenors will even try to sing such music. This of itself, "Truth" adds, would seem to justify the lowering of the pitch, a movement which during the past year or so has been checked in England, but which will now probably go forward more merrily than ever. This is the first time since music took its rightful place in popular life in the old land that England has been so badly off for the rarest and most beautiful of voices. In Lloyd's early days Maas was his competitor, and Sims Reeves was still in his prime. When Sims Reeves first came out John Braham was still singing, and Leekey was a favorite tenor.

The writer of the article recalls the fact that Lloyd, except as to his early studies under Turle, was entirely self-taught, never had anything to do with the voice trainers, and never had his voice "placed" by a professional teacher. Torontoans will long remember Mr. Lloyd's beautiful singing some years ago in the Metropolitan Church, and must regret that he has never visited this city since. This suggests to one that while Lloyd has made his farewell in England, there is nothing to prevent him from giving a final tour of the United States and Canada. The chance of his coming here is, however, remote. He is under no necessity to have to earn any more money, as he has a nice little fortune safely invested in land and houses.

A curious new departure was made recently at a concert given by Mr. Percy Colson in London. The performance began at 10 o'clock, in order to allow the aristocratic holders of tickets time to finish their dinner. We may come to this one day in Toronto, judging from the late hour at which our concert-goers put in an appearance. I have known people to stream in at some of our best concerts here at a quarter to nine o'clock.

The Commercial Travellers had a very successful concert in the Massey Hall on Friday evening of last week. There were about two thousand people present, and the programme gave general satisfaction. The artists were Mrs. Blight, Mr. Harold Jarvis, Mrs. Gertrude Black Edmonds, Mrs. Julie Wyman, Mr. Smiley, Mr. Fox, and Miss Jessie Alexander.

Another very well attended local concert was that given by the Oddfellows in the Massey Hall on New Year's Night. The programme, which was of a popular order, was supplied by the Grenadiers' Band, Mr. Harold Jarvis, Miss Bessie Bonnell, Miss Beverley Robinson, Miss Jessie Irving, elocutionist; Mr. Eddie Pigott, humorist; and Mr. Smiley, entertainer. The two thousand people present were very appreciative, encores being very general.

While at Harvard last summer Mr. A. T. Cringan, director of music in the Toronto public schools, interviewed a number of teachers from the public

schools of Cuba, and obtained from those who could sing a collection of the Cuban folk-songs. These songs were sung into the graphophone, and Mr. Cringan carried away with him a most interesting collection. From the records Mr. Cringan wrote down the notes in the ordinary notation, and the songs are being published by Messrs. Silver, Burdette & Co. of New York and Boston, and will be utilized in teaching the school children of Cuba. Mr. Cringan thinks that many of the most popular of the Cuban folk-songs are modifications of melodies originally imported from Spain, and acquired by ear by the Cubans.

Following the custom for many years since the death of Handel, The Messiah has been given by nearly all the leading choral societies in Great Britain during Christmas week. On Tuesday evening of this week, in the Royal Albert Hall, under the leadership of Sir Frederick Bridge, Mus. D., a performance of the work was given, with the following distinguished soloists: Madame Albani, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. William Green, and our mutual friend, Mr. Watkin Mills. The last named was engaged for many performances of this work during the Christmas week.

The subscription list for Mrs. Drechsler Adamson's orchestral concert is now open at Nordheimer's music store and the Conservatory of Music. Mrs. Adamson has engaged Herr Ernst von Dohnanyi, the celebrated pianist, who made such a favorable impression at his first appearance here.

So far as I can judge from the press reports, the season just closed at the Metropolitan Opera House of opera in the vernacular has been a failure. The American contingent of the principals were disappointing, and whatever artistic success attended the representations, says a critic, belongs distinctly to Philip Brozel, tenor, a Russian, and William Paul, baritone, an Englishman. The prima donnas were inadequate, and the orchestra is said to have been a wretched affair, made up of inexperienced players. The conclusion arrived at from the experiment is that opera will not stand indifferent performances, even though that be offered at low prices to the public, and the manager who hopes to succeed in this field must employ great artists in the principal roles. The greatest business of the short season of ten weeks was done by the Mikado, and one would infer from this that the "metier" of the company lies in operetta.

According to the statistics given in Max Hesse's Music Calendar for 1901, the most popular composers in German concert halls are Beethoven, Wagner and Liszt, and after them come Brahms, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Schumann. Tchaikowski's name appears more often on the programmes than all the other Russian composers put together.

Philip Hale, the Boston music critic, waxes indignant over the inclusion in a programme of the Boston Symphony Orchestra of Handel's Water Music. He writes: "Pray what was Mr. Gerleke thinking of when he pulled down from the shelf and dusted this tiresome, barren music? One antiquarian tells us that this Water Music is the first work by Handel in which the French horn is to be met with, but even this fact—if it be a fact—did not console me. Handel is one of the most imposing figures in the history of music. Master of choral effects and one of the few great melodists, his genius was not shown in orchestral writing except in some queer experiments that were far ahead of his time. But who was writing orchestral music in 1715 that would be tolerable to-day save in the way of curiosity? Bach was then a court musician at Weimar. Mr. Gerleke may have put this Water Music on the programme to serve an educational purpose, to show how orchestral music had developed, or perhaps as a study in tonic and dominant, or possibly out of kindness to Mr. Converse, whose piece came next."

The London "Daily Chronicle," in calling attention to the fact that the musical society, The Wandering Minstrels, has ceased to exist, gives a sketch of the history of the organization. In many ways this body had a unique record. It gave the first concert in the Albert Hall and it was the first society to organize smoking concerts. These were originally held in a hall built by the late Lord Gerald Fitzgerald behind his house in Sloane street, and they became so popular that they were the talk of London. This was partly due to the novelty of permitting smoking in high-class musical entertainments, and partly to the distinction of the instrumentalists, the band mainly consisting of titled amateurs. From 1881 the concerts were given at Grosvenor Hall, and here the members used to wait upon the guests, for the Wandering Minstrels were very hospitable, and not infrequently the last president, Sir Henry de Bathe, could be seen preparing coffee and opening soda-water bottles for the visitors as vigorously as he beat the bass drum. During the forty years of its life, nearly £17,000 was obtained by the society for deserving institutions. There must be many veteran amateurs from London now in Toronto who have pleasant recollections of the concerts of the Wandering Minstrels. While it is quite true, as the "Chronicle" says, that the orchestra

consisted mainly of titled amateurs, the managers were very glad to avail themselves of the services of talented instrumentalists who did not boast of a title, and there were many such playing at their concerts at various times, although no public mention was made of their presence.

The London "Times" has the following appreciative notice of the late Henry Russell, whose decease was announced recently:

"Mr. Henry Russell, the singer and writer of songs, was fortunate in having for his collaborators such writers as Eliza Cook, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, Longfellow, Tennyson, Dr. Charles Mackay and others, whose compositions went far towards helping him to achieve his reputation as a story-teller in song. Healthy sentiment, stirring verse, touches of every-day life and stimulating hopefulness were combined with bright and tuneful music, while the words of the songs were rendered by Russell with an absolute clearness of enunciation, for which he was indebted in the first instance partly to the personal advice of Edmund Kean and partly to the example of Henry Clay. He was, however, more than an entertainer. His songs with a purpose were the precursor of the novel with a purpose. Even before Uncle Tom's Cabin appeared Henry Russell's songs had strongly aroused public sentiment in favor of the slaves of the United States, and were of distinct service in preparing the way for subsequent events. Fifty years ago, too, when Australia and New Zealand were but little known, his songs, To the West and A Good Time Coming, Boys, induced thousands of people to direct their thoughts to emigration, and there are said to be in Canada to-day many well-to-do persons who owe their present position to the fact that they or their fathers emigrated to that land as the direct result of Henry Russell's cheery songs. Then, again, The Maniac exposed the horrors of private lunatic asylums, and aroused great feeling in the country concerning them some time before the theme was taken up by Charles Reade and other novelists. The Gin Fiend, written half a century ago; The Gambler's Wife, and other such songs were stirring and highly popular attacks on vices of the day. In fact, Russell was wont to declare that all his songs were written earnestly and with a beneficent purpose, and in his volume of reminiscences, published in 1895, he lamented, in speaking of the popular music of to-day, the 'decay of honest sentiment and the advance of drive,' as indicated by 'an unhealthy overflow of maudlin sentimentality' and the senseless and ridiculous refrains which obtain ephemeral popularity."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

INCORPORATED TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN
1855 PRESIDENT

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
COLLEGE STREET.

DR. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director
Affiliated with Toronto and Trinity Universities
A THOROUGH, ARTISTIC AND FINISHED
MUSICAL EDUCATION

RE-OPENED After Vacation JAN. 2.
NEW CALENDAR AND SYLLABUS
CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
MAUDE MASSON, Principal.
Reading, Dictation, Oratory, Voice Culture, Physical Culture, Rhetoric, English Literature, Orthography, Psychology, Pedagogy.

MR. RECHAB TANDY
CONCERT TENOR
Vocal Instructor
Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Mrs. Susie Ryan-Burke
VOICE CULTURE
English, German, French and Italian
Repertoire
Pupil of Lamperti, LeGrange and Randeggar.
Vocal Directress of Loretto Abbey, Toronto,
and Vocal Teacher St. Margaret's College,
Toronto.
STUDIO
NORDHEIMER'S

J. D. A. TRIPP
Piano Virtuoso and Teacher
Pupil of Moszkowski, Stevanoff and Lechitzky.
Residence and Studio, 543 Jarvis Street.
Telephone 4198.

MISS LOIS WINLOW
Pupil of Anton Hekking, Berlin, Germany.
SOLO 'CELLIST
Concert Engagements and a Limited
Number of Pupils Accepted.
"Great skill and expression."—N.Y. Musical
Courier.
"It was an inspiration."—R.S. Smith, Organist
and Choirmaster Westminster Church,
New York.
Address—264 Seaton St., Toronto

MR. H. M. FIELD
PIANIST.
Musical Studio—
21 Grand Street, Leipzig

EDWARD BARTON
ENGLISH BASS SOLOIST
Voice Specialist
Singing Master College of Music, Choirmaster
St. Margaret's College, London, Eng.
Residence—320 Robert Street.

MRS. H. W. PARKER
A.T.C.M.
SOPRANO
Opera, Oratorio, Concerts and Recitals. In-
structor of Vocal Art. Address—
Conservatory of Music, Toronto.

DAVID ROSS
SOLO BARITONE
Operatic, Oratorio, Church and Concert Repertoire
Pupil of Prof. A. A. North, Signor Gustave
Garcia and Mr. Andrew Black, London, Eng.
Address—The Mason & Risch Piano Co.
or 132 Jameson Avenue, Toronto.

ELSA MACPHERSON, PIANO
Engagements accepted for Recitals and Con-
certs. Teacher at Toronto College of Music
and St. Margaret's College. Advanced pupils
specially prepared for Recitals and Concerts,
privately or in class. Address: 5 Sussex Ave.,
Toronto.

J. Frances Byford
CONCERT PIANIST
For several years pupil of Prof. Martin
Krause of Leipzig, Germany.
Pupils and concert engagements accepted.
Studio—
589 Spadina Avenue.

J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's
Church, Musical Director of the Ontario
Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher of Piano
and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music,
Bishop Strachan School, and Miss Veal's School,
18 Dunbar Road, Toronto.

MR. A. S. VOGT
Teacher in the Advanced Grades of Piano
Playing
Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music
or 331 Bloor Street West.

WILLIAM REED
CONCERT ORGANIST
Recitals and Organ Opening. Teacher of
Organ, Piano, Theory
Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music.

J. W. BAUMANN
Bishop Strachan School,
Miss Veal's School,
St. Margaret's College,
Mrs. Neville's School.

JOHN AMBLER
Teacher of Piano
Krause Method. Pupil of F. S. Wolman.
Studio—
473 Balfour Street.

MISS HARRIETT RUTHERFORD
Cant. R.A.M. London, Eng.
Pupil of Mr. E. W. Schuch. Teacher of
Singing.
38 Car Street.

Is it not a good thing that a human being should have self-respect, from whatever source? And if a pretty hand is the sole claim to distinction, why grudge the distinction it wins? Is any human being the better for feeling himself or herself insignificant, and merely one of a class? Does not common justice require us to be lenient to any overconsciousness and parade of the one refuge from insignificance, where Nature and fortune have alike been niggard? Of course, when the parade is made in a grossly offensive form, showing that the love of distinction has become an appetite or ruling passion, dominating the soul to the exclusion of higher virtues, it may merit a rebuke as cutting as that which the late Lord Houghton once administered to an English lady of rank. She had been dilating on her triumphs, and had wound up by saying, "In fact, I have had hundreds of men at my feet." "Chitropodists, I suppose," was His Lordship's quiet reply.—William Matthews in "Saturday Evening Post."

HILDA RICHARDSON
Violoncellist
Engagements accepted for Concerts, Musi-
cals and ensemble playing. Pupils received
at—
Toronto College of Music,
Pembroke Street.

ADAM DOCKRAY
TENOR
Teacher of Singing
Studio—Room N, Yonge Street Arcade.
Residence—79 Charles Street.

Miss Amy Robsart Jaffray
MEZZO-SOPRANO
Voice Culture
Studio: Nordheimer's. Reception hour:
11-12 Tuesdays.

ARTHUR BLIGHT
MASTER OF SINGING
SOLO BARITONE
Voice Culture and Artistic Singing a Specialty
Studio—Room 2, 111 Richmond St. West
Residence—36 Pearson Ave., Toronto, Ont.

MR. J. M. SHERLOCK
CONCERT SINGER
Tenor soloist with the principal Canadian
vocal societies, Director of the famous "Sher-
lock Male Quartette."
Room 5, NORDHEIMER'S, TORONTO, ONT.

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY
Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist
Will receive pupils and concert engagements
Instructor of Variety Banjo, Mandolin and
Guitar Clubs. Teacher Toronto College
of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyter-
ian Ladies' College.
Studio: Daytime, at Nordheimer's; Even-
ings, College of Music.

FRANK S. WELSMAN
PIANO VIRTUOSO AND TEACHER
Pupil of Prof. Krause, Prof. Schreck and
Richard Hoffmann.
32 Madison Avenue, or Toronto College of
Music, also at Miss Veal's School, St. Mar-
garet's College and Haverhill College. Tel. 3291

MRS. NORMA REYNOLDS REBURN
SINGING
Specialist in training vocal students for the
profession. Appointments made.
Address Toronto Conservatory of Music
or 38 Bernard Avenue.

MISS MARY E. NOLAN
Voice Culture and Vocal Music
Pupil of the eminent teacher, Senor Manuel
Garcia, and of the Royal Academy of Music,
London, England, with thirteen years' experi-
ence as church choir soloist and teacher of
vocal music in New York City. At the To-
ronto Conservatory of Music.

W. O. FORSYTH
(Director Metropolitan School of Music)
Receives pupils at any time—professional,
advanced and amateur—in piano technique,
piano-playing and musical interpretation.
Harmony, etc.
Studio for private lessons—Nordheimer's,
15 King Street East, Toronto.

MISS MARY HEWITT SMART
... SOPRANO ...
VOICE CULTURE AND PIANO
Vocal Directress Ontario Ladies' College,
Whitby. Vocal Teacher at Margaret's Col-
lege, Toronto.
Yonge Street Arcade.

MRS. J. W. BRADLEY
Directress and Leader of Berkeley St.
Methodist Church Choir.
Vocal Teacher of Moulton Ladies' College,
Toronto, and Toronto Conservatory of Music.
130 Seaton Street, Toronto.

MISS H. M. MARTIN, Mus. Bac.
SINGING—Pupil of Mr. W. E. Haslam.
PIANO—Pupil of Mr. H. M. Field. Teacher
Haverhill College and College of Music, Ad-
dress 71 Gloucester Street, or Toronto College
of Music.

MISS CARTER
TEACHER OF PIANO
380 Brunswick Avenue

MR. and MRS. A. B. JURY
Pupils Taken
Residence and Studio—
58 Alexander Street

W. Y. ARCHIBALD
Teacher of Singing
At Metropolitan School of Music
Studio—Nordheimer's.

Mr. Edw. C. Wainwright
VOICE CULTURE
Purity of tone. Artistic Singing.
Studio, Room V,
Yonge Street Arcade.

Madame Alice Waltz
Has removed her studio to more con-
venient location
At—
417 Church Street,
Near Carlton

MISS FLORENCE GRAHAM
TEACHER OF SINGING AND PIANO
Pupil of W. Elliott Haslam and of H. M. Field.
Toronto College of Music
Also Miss Veal's School, Bishop Strachan
School, and Haverhill College.
621 Spadina Avenue.

W. J. A. CARNAHAN
BARITONE
Concert, Church and Recital
Address—
78 College St., Toronto.

Toronto Junction College
of Music Miss VIA MACMILLAN, Directress
New Term Opens November 13th

PHONE 1381

NEW PIANO MUSIC
MENUET
By FRANK S. WELSMAN
Price 50c.
Published by
Whaley, Royce & Co.
158 YONGE STREET
Toronto, Ont.

Mr. E. W. Schuch
Voice Culture and Expression in Singing
2 Elgin Avenue.
(Cor. Avenue Road.)

MISS KATHARINE BIRNIE
CONCERT PIANIST. Krause method,
taught by Mr. H. M. Field. Studio—Nord-
heimer's, or 66 Bloor Street East. Phone 4358.

LLOYD N. WATKINS
Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Eithor
Conservatory of Music, Ontario Ladies' Col-
lege, Whitby.

MISS AMY STERNBERG
Physical Culture, Dancing.
St. George's Hall.
Branch—Toronto Junction.
Classes re-open Tuesday, January 8th, 1901.

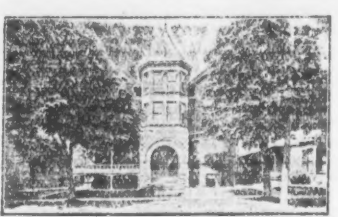
639 Spadina Avenue 639
PIANOFORTE HERR EUGEN WOYCEK
Begs to intimate his removal to—
639 Spadina Avenue.

FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD
Simple and Kindergarten
Classes now forming at 38 Grange Avenue
and 61 Shannon Street.

W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.R.C.O.
Teacher of Piano, Organ and Theory
Theory lessons by correspondence. Pupils pre-
pared for Musical Examinations at the Uni-
versities, etc.
Toronto College of Music,
or 273 Wellesley Street.

DONALD HERALD A.T.C.M.
TEACHER OF PIANO
20 Ross St.
Toronto Conservatory of Music.

JOSEPH HUGILL
No. 29 Alice St.
Near Yonge St.
Maker and Repa-
rator of Violins, &c.



TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC, LIMITED.
GEO. GOODERHAM, President. F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director.
Thorough Musical Education Assured at
This School.
School of Expression, H. N. SHAW, B.A., Principal.
Calendar and Syllabus upon application.

H. N. SHAW, B.A.
Principal Toronto College of Music,
School of Education
Can be engaged for Recitals and Costume
Dramatic Entertainments, assisted by Miss
May Mawhinney, vocalist, and others.
Entertainment committees address, care
College of Music, for dates and terms.

ADAM DOCKRAY
TENOR
Teacher of Singing
Studio—Room N, Yonge Street Arcade.
Residence—79 Charles Street.

Miss Amy Robsart Jaffray
MEZZO-SOPRANO
Voice Culture
Studio: Nordheimer's. Reception hour:
11-12 Tuesdays.

ARTHUR BLIGHT
MASTER OF SINGING
SOLO BARITONE
Voice Culture and Artistic Singing a Specialty
Studio—Room 2, 111 Richmond St. West
Residence—36 Pearson Ave., Toronto, Ont.

MR. J. M. SHERLOCK
CONCERT SINGER
Tenor soloist with the principal Canadian
vocal societies, Director of the famous "Sher-
lock Male Quartette."
Room 5, NORDHEIMER'S, TORONTO, ONT.

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY
Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist
Will receive pupils and concert engagements
Instructor of Variety Banjo, Mandolin and
Guitar Clubs. Teacher Toronto College
of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyter-
ian Ladies' College.
Studio: Daytime, at Nordheimer's; Even-
ings, College of Music.

FRANK S. WELSMAN
PIANO VIRTUOSO AND TEACHER
Pupil of Prof. Krause, Prof. Schreck and
Richard Hoffmann.
32 Madison Avenue, or Toronto College of
Music, also at Miss Veal's School, St. Mar-
garet's College and Haverhill College. Tel. 3291

MRS. NORMA REYNOLDS REBURN
SINGING
Specialist in training vocal students for the
profession. Appointments made.
Address Toronto Conservatory of Music
or 38 Bernard Avenue.

MISS MARY E. NOLAN
Voice Culture and Vocal Music
Pupil of the eminent teacher, Senor Manuel
Garcia, and of the Royal Academy of Music,
London, England, with thirteen years' experi-
ence as church choir soloist and teacher of
vocal music in New York City. At the To-
ronto Conservatory of Music.

W. O. FORSYTH
(Director Metropolitan School of Music)
Receives pupils at any time—professional,
advanced and amateur—in piano technique,
piano-playing and musical interpretation.
Harmony, etc.
Studio for private lessons—Nordheimer's,
15 King Street East, Toronto.

MISS MARY HEWITT SMART
... SOPRANO ...
VOICE CULTURE AND PIANO
Vocal Directress Ontario Ladies' College,
Whitby. Vocal Teacher at Margaret's Col-
lege, Toronto.
Yonge Street Arcade.

MRS. J. W. BRADLEY
Directress and Leader of Berkeley St.
Methodist Church Choir.
Vocal Teacher of Moulton Ladies' College,
Toronto, and Toronto Conservatory of Music.
130 Seaton Street, Toronto.

MISS H. M. MARTIN, Mus. Bac.
SINGING—Pupil of Mr. W. E. Haslam.
PIANO—Pupil of Mr. H. M. Field. Teacher
Haverhill College and College of Music, Ad-
dress 71 Gloucester Street, or Toronto College
of Music.

MISS CARTER
TEACHER OF PIANO
380 Brunswick Avenue

MR. and MRS. A. B. JURY
Pupils Taken
Residence and Studio—
58 Alexander Street

W. Y. ARCHIBALD
Teacher of Singing
At Metropolitan School of Music
Studio—Nordheimer's.

Mr. Edw. C. Wainwright
VOICE CULTURE
Purity of tone. Artistic Singing.
Studio, Room V,
Yonge Street Arcade.

Madame Alice Waltz
Has removed her studio to more con-
venient location
At—
417 Church Street,
Near Carlton

MISS FLORENCE GRAHAM
TEACHER OF SINGING AND PIANO
Pupil of W. Elliott Haslam and of H. M. Field.
Toronto College of Music
Also Miss Veal's School, Bishop Strachan
School, and Haverhill College.
621 Spadina Avenue.

W. J. A. CARNAHAN
BARITONE
Concert, Church and Recital
Address—
78 College St., Toronto.

Toronto Junction College
of Music Miss VIA MACMILLAN, Directress
New Term Opens November 13th

PHONE 1381

NEW PIANO MUSIC
MENUET
By FRANK S. WELSMAN
Price 50c.
Published by
Whaley, Royce & Co.
158 YONGE STREET
Toronto, Ont.

Mr. E. W. Schuch
Voice Culture and Expression in Singing
2 Elgin Avenue.
(Cor. Avenue Road.)

MISS KATHARINE BIRNIE
CONCERT PIANIST. Krause method,
taught by Mr. H. M. Field. Studio—Nord-
heimer's, or 66 Bloor Street East. Phone 4358.

LLOYD N. WATKINS
Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Eithor
Conservatory of Music, Ontario Ladies' Col-
lege, Whitby.

MISS AMY STERNBERG
Physical Culture, Dancing.
St. George's Hall.
Branch—Toronto Junction.
Classes re-open Tuesday, January 8th, 1901.

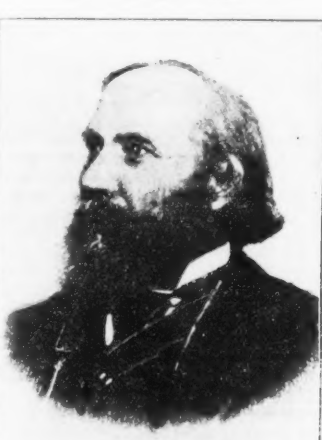
639 Spadina Avenue 639
PIANOFORTE HERR EUGEN WOYCEK
Begs to intimate his removal to—
639 Spadina Avenue.

FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD
Simple and Kindergarten
Classes now forming at 38 Grange Avenue
and 61 Shannon Street.

W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.R.C.O.
Teacher of Piano, Organ and Theory
Theory lessons by correspondence. Pupils pre-
pared for Musical Examinations at the Uni-
versities, etc.
Toronto College of Music,
or 273 Wellesley Street.

DONALD HERALD A.T.C.M.
TEACHER OF PIANO
20 Ross St.
Toronto Conservatory of Music.

JOSEPH HUGILL
No. 29 Alice St.
Near Yonge St.
Maker and Repa-
rator of Violins, &c.



JAMES J. HILL.
The ex-Canadian stage driver who is to-
day president of the Great Northern
and the most prominent railway
magnate in the United
States.

The Defense of Beauty.
A modern poet has the following
lines on what Byron calls "the fatal
gift of beauty." He makes out a strong
plea against the desirability of its pos-
session, as did the fox against the
grapes.

Mason & Risch

PIANOS

Will accentuate in the new century the reputation gained in the old

The Mason & Risch Piano Co., Limited
32 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

COPIES OF
"C" CO. CONTINGENT FLAG
PICTURES
10 cents

To be had at
"Saturday Night" Office
Toronto.

Offices
To Let

In the
Saturday Night
Building
26-28 Adelaide St. West,
Toronto

Apply to Secy.-Treasurer,
Sheppard Publishing Com-
pany, Limited.

New Goods
JUST TO HAND

Wire Strainers
Wire Fry Baskets
Wire Strainer Funnels
Wire Salad Washers
Solid German Silver Trays
Solid German Silver Hot Plates

Fletcher M'n'g. Co.
440-42 YONGE ST.
Telephone 158.

FAIRWEATHER'S

Fine Fur Jackets



Write for style cards
OR ORDER BY MAIL.

J. W. T. FAIRWEATHER & CO.
84 YONGE.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Arnold gave a delightful dance on Wednesday evening for her daughter, Miss Joan Arnold, at which the young set very much enjoyed themselves. Several holiday visitors were included among the guests, as well as a large number of the season's debutantes. A very daintily set and served supper was much appreciated, and the guests united in declaring that it was an "awfully lovely party," as indeed it was. Some of the dancers were the Misses Osler, the Misses Macdonald, the Misses Macdougall, Miss Barwick, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Miss Florrie Cawthra, the Misses Cassels, Miss Casey, the Misses Scarth, the Misses Brough, Miss Brouse, Miss Parmenter, the Misses Mackenzie, Miss Boulton, Miss Peters, Miss Maule, Miss Norton, Miss Harman, the Misses Worthington, Miss Parkin, Miss Cochrane, Miss Fuller, the Misses Spragge, Messrs. Sydney Band, Ireland, Bunting, Matthews, Nordheimer, Cameron, David Harman and G. Harman, C. Smith, Drummond, Maule, Sweatman, Cassels, Muntz, Kingsford, Denison, Parmenter, Hugh Osler, Dr. Thistle, MacMillan, Blackwood, Latour, Boddy, Baldwin, Henry Osler, Lough, B. Osler, Dobell, Biggar, Lee, McCarthy, Burnett, Dr. Goldwin Howland, Morphy, Fleury, McDougall, Jones, Covernton.

Little Miss Phyllis Nordheimer of Glendy had the graceful task of presenting bouquets to Mrs. Otter and Mrs. W. D. Otter at the presentation on Wednesday.

On New Year's Day Sir Oliver Mowat received during the later afternoon hours. The house party, Miss Mowat, Mrs. Fred Mowat, Miss Biggar and Miss Casey, with Mr. Sydney Band, welcomed everyone and exchanged New Year's greetings. A large number of gentlemen called on His Honor.

Cards are out for the Grenadiers' dance on January 18. I hear the committee are outdoing all former efforts for this assembly, and intend having the pipe and some Scotch dances to vary the usual programme.

The Yacht Club dance next Friday evening will be extra smart and interesting, and is given partly as a welcome home to the recently returning officers and those now en route from South Africa. The decorations bid fair to be most striking and beautiful, and the invitations will never last out the demand. Several cities are sending distinguished guests, and the Capital will, as usual, not be behind-hand in this respect.

Mrs. Armstrong Black was unable, through severe cold, to attend the Otter banquet, but is now quite herself again.

Mrs. Dick of Spencer avenue, Mrs. and Miss O'Hara of Elm avenue and the Misses Ball of Queen's Park all gave teas on Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman gives a tea next Thursday afternoon. Mrs. J. K. Macdonald of Cona Lodge gives an At Home in honor of the bridal couple, Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, on January 19, in the Confederation Life Building. Miss Phyllis Lawlor gives a young folks' dance next Monday evening, from 7.30 to 12.30, at her mother's residence, Frewen House, Queen's Park.

Miss Wallbridge of Madison avenue gave a delightful progressive euchre on Thursday evening. The Euchre and Dancing Club was entertained last evening by Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick of Coolmine road. Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto is giving a young folks' dance next week. Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh is giving a dance on January 14, at 9 o'clock. Miss Fuller of Woodstock is visiting Mrs. Douglas Armour of Huron street. The news that Colonel Peters is ordered away from Toronto is robbed of some of its sadness, because his wife and daughter, so much liked and so deserving of their popularity, are to spend the winter here.

Mr. George Bruenech has returned to Toronto from a long tarrying in Iceland, Spitzbergen and other remote regions. The indisposition of Miss Bruenech was one cause of his return. Everyone is glad to see him, and all are asking what wonderful pictures he has brought from the lands of ice. Mr. Bruenech is with Mr. and Mrs. George Shaw, Ontario street, and has taken a studio at No. 28 Toronto street, Room 31, where next week he hopes to be settled and to see his friends.

Captain and Mrs. Alec Cartwright went to Ottawa for the holidays and visited Sir Richard and Lady Cartwright. Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Bickford went to Kingston to stay with Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. McGill. Mr. Boulbee of Iver House and Miss Boulbee have gone to Barbados, where Mrs. Boulbee was called some time ago by the serious illness of her daughter.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Stephens McLean, daughter of the late Mr. William McLean, to Mr. Kenneth Erskine of the Molsons Bank took place Wednesday afternoon in St. Stephen's Church, Bellevue avenue. The service was read by the rector, the Rev. A. J. Broughall, and appropriate wedding music was played both before and after the ceremony by the organist of the church, Mr. Wedd. The bride wore a handsome traveling gown of pale gray cloth, with a vest of white satin and lace; gray hat to match, trimmed with white accordion-plaited chiffon, gold braid and with a pale gray plume. Her bouquet was of white roses and maiden-hair fern. Her bridesmaid was her sister, Miss Phila McLean, who wore a becoming gown of khaki color, with a black velvet picture hat. The groomsmen were Mr. Kenneth Molson of Montreal, who is a cousin of the bridegroom. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Erskine left for a trip to Detroit.

On Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne gave a dinner party of twelve covers at Clover Hill. Mrs. Armstrong Black gave a small and informal tea on Wednesday for an English visitor in town, Mrs. Blugham, Lady Howland has received favorable

news of her son, Mr. Charles Bethune of Ottawa, who has been recently very ill. Captain Mason and Lieutenant Temple are both in London this week.

Hon. Colin and Mrs. Campbell of Winnipeg spent Wednesday in town. The Attorney-General of Manitoba and Mrs. Campbell spent the holidays with Mrs. Campbell's people in Palermo. Mr. George Harvey spent the holidays with his sister, Mrs. Alcorn, at 143 Bloor west. Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Bogert returned to Winnipeg on New Year's day. Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kerr are home from their honeymoon. Miss Somerville of Atherley is visiting Miss Stikeman in Montreal. Miss Clemon of Ottawa is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Somerville of Atherley. Mr. Beverley Bogert has returned to New York. Mr. T. D. Law has returned from a visit to Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Parker are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hammond in Grosvenor street. Miss Ethel Mackenzie of Benvenuto has unfortunately fallen and fractured her arm.

On Wednesday Miss Lillian Nello Ireland of Earl street and Mr. Harry J. Rea were married in St. Simon's church by Rev. Ernest Wood. The bride wore white faille with chiffon Brussels net veil and orange blossoms, and carried white roses. Miss Mabel Ireland and Miss Mabel Jackson were bridesmaids, gowned in pale blue, with black picture hats, and bouquets of pink roses. Little Gladys Eastmair was flower girl, carrying a very lovely basket of Beauty roses. Mr. Barton Rea was best man. Dr. Beaton, Mr. Herbert Adams and Mr. Tozer were ushers. After the ceremony a reception was held at the family residence in Earl street, and the wedding breakfast was daintily served to a smart party of guests. The bride's going-away gown was of navy blue cheviot, with military front, Zouave jacket and gold braid trimmings, her toque matching her brown traveling coat. The honeymoon will be spent in New York, after which Mrs. Rea will receive at 34 Earl street on January 17.

Miss Verna Smith will entertain the East End Euchre Club on Wednesday, January 9, at her home, No. 4 Orle street.

A fashionable wedding took place in Tilsonburg on Wednesday, December 26, when Miss Ethel Ross, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Ross of Idlewild was married to Mr. Harry Robertson of Toronto. The lovely home of the bride was beautifully decorated. The corner of the drawing-room in which the ceremony took place was a beautiful bower of palms, willow and brides' roses. Promptly at four o'clock the strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March, played by Miss Mabelle Gilbert of Bay City, cousin of the bride, announced the approach of the bridal party. First came the four bridesmaids, Miss Lillian Sinclair, Miss Winnie Thomson of Toronto, Miss Maud Gilbert of Bay City, Mich., and Miss Winnie Ross, sister of the bride. They were followed by the Rev. M. McGregor of Toronto. Mr. Robertson and his best man, Mr. Arthur Thomson of Toronto, Next came the maid of honor, Miss Ada Ross, petite sister of the bride, and last the bride, leaning on her father's arm. After the impressive ceremony the happy couple received the congratulations of their guests, only a few relatives and most intimate friends. The wedding dejeuner was then served at small tables grouped around the bride's table. The dining-room was tastefully decorated with holly and white chrysanthemums, the bride's table being especially pretty, with a huge bunch of white "mums" and white ribbons and smilax. The bride's gown was of ivory satin, duchesse lace and accordion-plaited chiffon, with veil of Limerick lace caught with orange blossoms, formerly worn by her mother. She carried a sheaf bouquet of bride's roses, her only ornament being a sunburst of pearls, the gift of the groom. Miss Ada Ross, as maid of honor, wore a dainty gown of white chiffon over white taffeta, and carried pink roses, while the bridesmaids were prettily gowned in white Liberty silk over green taffeta and carried sheaves of white chrysanthemums tied with white ribbons. Mrs. Ross, mother of the bride, wore black Chantilly lace over black satin with effective touches of violet velvet. Mrs. Robertson, mother of the groom, wore black lace over black satin. Miss Mabelle Gilbert wore pink taffeta trimmed with white d'esprit and piping of pink velvet. Among the many handsome wedding presents was a beautiful cabinet of silver, which was presented to Mr.



My goodness, how dyspepsia hurts and pains! And it isn't the pain that is to be dreaded, but the loss of time and wages. There is to-day many a person who lays off one or two days a week, all because of indigestion and dyspepsia, and is losing many a dollar in wages. What a pity these people don't try Hutch, and cure themselves. Why don't they take one little tablet after each meal, and get back to their work? May be they will find out at the end of the day, and they will find out for sure there is one medicine in the world which can be depended on to cure sour stomach, indigestion, headache, heartburn.

It's a doctor for 10 cents. One gives relief. The Woodward Chemical Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Toronto.

SHEA'S THEATER

Week of Jan. 7

EVENING PRICES, 25 and 50.
MATINEES DAILY, all seats 25.

Special engagement for one week only
The Girl With the Auburn Hair
Greatest Scenic Production in Vaudeville.

EDWARD and EDITH
H. FAVOR and SINCLAIR
Presenting the laughable Skit, "The McGuires."

LUZZIE R. RAYMOND
Foremost Character Comedienne.

FRANK CUSHMAN
The Master in Song and Story.

KOLB & DILL
German Comedians, "Together Side by Side."

CHARLES LEONARD FLETCHER
In a New and Original Monologue.

DEWITT & BURNS
Recent Comedians and Perch Equilibrists

John C. Rice & Sally Cohen
In the Kleptomaniacs by H. H. Winslow.

Robertson. From six to eight o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Ross held a large reception for the many friends of the bride and groom. Refreshments were served in the dining-room, where Miss Ethel Thomson of Toronto, Miss Minnie Ellsbek of Kingston, Miss Mabel Lea of Simcoe and Miss Jean Henry of Brantford assisted. Over a hundred guests came to wish happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, who later left for the East, and after their return will make Toronto their home. The bride's going-away gown was dark gray, with Persian lamb jacket, and hat trimmed with the same fur.

The bachelors of Ingersoll held their assembly on Friday, December 28th, the Town Hall, in which the reception was held, being most artistically decorated, the effect being that of an immense drawing-room, the walls draped with tapestry and flags. Many cosy corners were most invitingly arranged, and, as was anticipated, were well patronized. Dancing commenced about nine o'clock; there were shoals of dancing men and charming debutantes. Among the latter, Miss Louise Thompson, Miss Helen Coleridge, Miss Dora Neff, Miss Mabel Miller, Miss Edith Ellis and Miss Margaret Woolson were especially admired and looked particularly graceful and sweet. The lady patronesses to whose kindness the success of the ball was largely due were: Mrs. A. N. Christopher, Mrs. J. B. Jackson, Mrs. C. C. L. Wilson, Mrs. A. McKay, Mrs. G. K. Brown, Mrs. J. F. Macdonald, Mrs. H. Irwin, Mrs. J. C. Hegler, Mrs. M. Lapointe, Mrs. R. H. Cotter, Mrs. Joseph Gibson, Mrs. F. D. Canfield. The ladies who kindly undertook the duties of chaperones were: Mrs. J. B. Jackson, becomingly dressed in black silk, with touches of red; Mrs. H. Irwin, in a handsome gown of white silk; Mrs. J. C. Hegler, in black silk, with jet trimmings; Mrs. A. McKay, in a becoming gown of black sequin net; Mrs. C. C. L. Wilson, in blue satin, covered with jetted net; Mrs. H. H. Cotter, in a most charming gown of gray and pink. Mrs. Jackson brought a bevy of bright young guests, viz.: Miss McKay, Miss Depew and Miss Kelo. Mrs. Taylor, in cerise satin, with an overdress of jetted net, was notably graceful and charming; her happy and sweet graciousness assisted materially the success of the affair. Mrs. George Wilson was beautifully gowned in white corded silk; Mrs. Harty Sumner wore an exceedingly handsome dress of heliotrope silk; Mrs. W. F. Johnston, one of Ingersoll's newest hostesses, who chaperoned Miss McLean and Miss Thompson, looked very graceful in a handsome gown of pink satin, covered with black sequin net. This lady has but recently taken up her residence here, having lately moved from Toronto, and is considered quite an acquisition to the social life of Ingersoll. Mrs. H. E. Johnson was becomingly gowned in white silk, touched with black. Miss Maude Waterson wore an artistic gown of white grenadine over white silk, strapped with pink ribbon, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Miss Mamie Kennedy, white mousseline de soie, effectively relieved with green. Miss Etelka Hegler, corn-colored silk and lace. Miss Ryan, white satin, covered with black grenadine. Miss Meek, blue silk. Miss Ethel Meek, in white organdie, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. Miss Edith White, in white mousseline de



Stateroom Trunks

We make a specialty of supplying the correct trunks for the various Steam Ship Lines.

Sole Leather Cabin Trunk
Black Imperial Cabin Trunk
Basket Cabin Trunk
Waterproof Canvas Cabin Trunk



INITIALS ON ALL TRUNKS FREE—
REPAIRING OUR FORTE

Note Address—131 Yonge Street



"BAKING DAY TROUBLES"

Are a thing of the past—quite unknown in any kitchen where there is an

Imperial Oxford Range

Don't think it well worth while to call and see their patented improvements? They will interest you, even if you aren't thinking of buying. Sold by dealers in all parts of Canada.

GURNEY OXFORD STOVE AND FURNACE CO., 231 Yonge Street
OXFORD STOVE STORE, 569 Queen Street West

The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

Ward Six

Alderman J. J. Ward

Wishes the Electors a Happy
New Year and respectfully
solicits a renewal of their
support.

WARD 2.

Your vote and influence are respectfully
solicited for the election of

JOSEPH OLIVER AS ALDERMAN.

Election—Monday, January 7th, 1901.

1901—WARD 6—1901

VOTE TO RE-ELECT

ALD.

J. M. BOWMAN As Alderman for 1901.

WARD 6
Your vote and influence are both graciously
requested for the re-election of

ALD. ASHER

If you think him worthy of a second term.

sole. Miss Susie Boles, in white organdie and lace. Miss Louise MacDonald in white silk. Among the out-of-town guests were noticed: From Toronto, Miss Maude McLean, in yellow crepe de chene, in which she looked sweetly pretty; Miss Ethel Hughes, in a pretty gown of black and white muslin, whose dancing was the poetry of motion; Miss Rogers, who wore pink silk, trimmed with white and gold; and Miss Wilson, in black silk; Miss Dolly Depew, Miss Ethel McKay, Miss Brennan and Miss Meakins of Hamilton; Miss Alice Kelo of London, Mrs. Pine, who wore black grenadine over black silk and carried a superb bouquet of pink roses; Miss Mortimer, Miss McLeod, the Misses Sovereign and Miss Nesbitt of Woodstock; Miss Ross of Tilsonburg, and Miss Kenney of Tilsonburg. A number of gentlemen from out of town were also present. The supper-room was beautifully decorated and supplied with numerous small tables, where the many good things provided were much appreciated, as was also the excellent music.

Last Friday many holiday callers went to Mrs. Alan Sullivan's farewell reception at her parents' home, 171 St. George street, and said good-bye to the homie bride, who, radiant with happiness and exquisitely robed in her bridal gown, heard nothing but loving words and ill disguised regrets that her home in Rat Portage was so serious a distance from Toronto. Some of her young girl friends, Miss Amy Laing in her dignity as bridesmaid

OAK HALL



Too Bad

we can't attach pieces of goods to our advertisements. "Seeing is believing," and we'd like you to see what we are offering in Mens Suits and Overcoats during the January sale for

\$8.50, \$10.00 and \$12.00

There is a full assortment of sizes for your choosing.

Oak Hall Clothiers

115 to 121 King Street East,
and 116 Yonge Street, Toronto

Henry A. Taylor,
Draper.

I MAKE A SPECIAL FEATURE
OF HIGH-CLASS TO ORDER
TAILOR-MADE SUITS—
TUNED AND INVERTED.
IT PAYS TO PAY FOR
QUALITY.

THE ROSSIN BLOCK

PRIVATE RIDING LESSONS

Ladies' and gentlemen's classes in riding. For terms apply to—
F. A. CAMPBELL, 97 Bay Street.
Riding instructor to all the ladies' schools in Toronto.

at their head, were in charge of a charming tea table, done in pink roses and ferns. Miss Melvin Jones and Miss Jeanie Wallbridge were also in attendance.

Miss Madge Pritchard, Woodlawn avenue, has left with her father for an extended trip to the North.

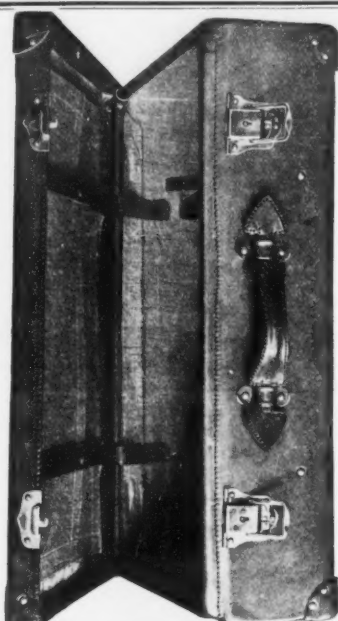
YE OLD FIRM OF HEINTZMAN & CO.

PIANO BUYERS

A piano is something that ought to last a life-time, and one should buy wisely and well. A good piano—like a good watch—will be your servant for years. A poor piano is not only calling for money to keep it in tune and regulate its action, but like a poor watch which never keeps time, is always an abomination.

—When artists of the renown of Friedheim, Harmeister, Nutini, Plancon, Watkin Mills, and Plunket Greene, and a host of others, besides the leading home artists, say there is no instrument that measures up to those bearing the name of this firm, the individual purchaser will not go astray in making a choice.

Ye Old Firm of...
Heintzman & Co.
115-117 King St. West, Toronto



The Suit Case

is wrongly supposed to be for the Dress Suit only.

On the contrary its chief feature is its convenience and adaptability for every day travel. A suit if carried is kept in perfect shape, and then one has so much room for other things.

THE PRICES ARE—\$5.25,
\$7.50, \$10.00, \$12.00, \$13.00.

24 inch is the popular length with 6 inch or 7 inch depths.

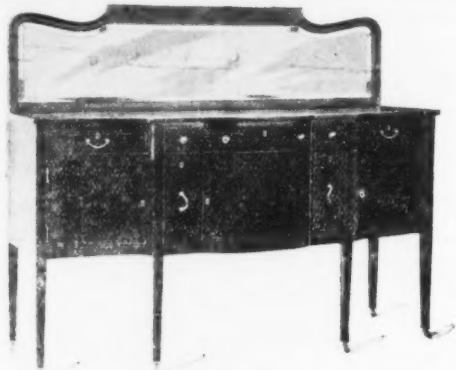
We letter as desired and deliver free in Ontario.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, No. 6 S,
Sent Free on Request

The Julian Sale

Leather Goods Co., Limited
105 KING ST. WEST

ROGERS' 97 YONGE ST. ROGERS'



New Century Furniture

In so far as high-class furniture is concerned the beginning of the century is marked by a decided return to favor of the classic styles of Chippendale, Sheraton, etc. To meet this demand we have produced some beautiful lines in bedroom and dining-room furniture, after designs by these master cabinet-makers.

The cut shown herewith will give an idea of the outline of one of the most admired pieces. This fine sideboard is made of richly marked mahogany, highly polished and inlaid with white lines.

Our price will interest you. It is much lower than dealers who import can afford to quote.

The Chas. Rogers & Sons Co. LIMITED
97 YONGE STREET

HIS FAVORITE INSTRUMENT THAT
HE ALWAYS CHOOSES FOR THOSE
OF CULTIVATED TASTES IS A...

Nordheimer Piano



These superior and high grade pianos are particularly adapted for Christmas gifts, as they are the gems of the piano makers' art in rich and melodious tone and mechanical perfection. For wife, sister or mother they are a royal gift, and you can buy one on easy terms.

The NORDHEIMER PIANO AND MUSIC CO., Limited
15 King Street East, Toronto

Social and Personal.

The Bar Dinner next Tuesday promises to be a brilliant event. The Premier of the Dominion is, I hear, expected, and Dr. Goldwin Smith will propose the toast to the Bar. D. L. McCarthy will preside, and the Maritime Provinces, Quebec and Manitoba will send able representatives, who, with our own Mr. Aylesworth, Q.C., will respond to the toast proposed by the Sage of the Grange.

The Victoria Skating Rink will remain open until six o'clock this season. Instead of five as formerly, thus offering young men in banks and offices a chance to enjoy some of the afternoon skating. The change is very much welcomed by lovers of the graceful pastime.

Mrs. William G. Kent gives an At Home at her residence, 193 Madison avenue, next Wednesday from 4.30 to 7 o'clock.

Some time ago, Mr. W. E. H. Massey purchased that fine house which was built by the late Mrs. Smart, and which to her friends was always known as the home of hospitality and elegance. Lindenwood was enlarged and beautified very greatly by the new owner, and on Saturday last was given a stunning house-warming which was very much enjoyed by a very large company. Mrs. Massey wore a very beautiful gown of pale grey with gold trimmings and white lace. Her sister, Mrs. Perrin, of Boston, received with her, in cream silk with point lace trimmings. Miss Grace Carter, also from Boston, a niece of the hostess, was in grey crepe de chine with gold sequins and guimpe of white. Roses in pink, yellow and crimson carried out the color scheme of each room, and the brave holly was much in evidence. An orchestra provided charming music, and Miss Grace Carter also delighted the guests by singing the Rose song.

The marriage of Mr. George Laurence Ashley Doid and Miss Geraldine Marie Dwyer Lane will take place in St. James' Church, Guelph, on next Thursday, and will be followed by a reception at Ingthorpe, the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lane. Toronto friends will recall with pleasure the recent visits of the pretty bride-elect and her mother, who were formerly residents of Toronto, and how much the young, fair girl was admired at the Yacht Club dances during the summer.

Mrs. J. Walter Curry is settled in her home, 27 North street, and will receive on next Tuesday for the first time, and on Tuesdays during the season.

Mrs. Edward Hay and her two daughters returned from England for Christmas, after a long stay abroad.

Miss Quinlan is living in Brookville, and her clever niece, Miss Temple Dixon, is visiting her. Miss Louie Jones still remains in New York. Miss Eva Jones is at home, and with Mrs. Jones received on New Year's day many callers.

Mrs. Richard Southam, nee Zimmerman, will hold her post-nuptial receptions on Wednesday and Thursday January 9 and 10, at 29 North street.

Mr. Thomas Hamar Greenwood, B. A., is visiting relatives in Whitby and Toronto. Mr. Greenwood is one of the few Canadians practising law in the British metropolis, and has been gaining some prominence as a Liberal politician in the Old Land.

Miss Lilly Fletcher of Enniskillen, County Fermanagh, Ireland, is on a visit with her aunt, Mrs. H. Reburn of Pembroke street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Eckardt are living at the Queen's for the winter. Miss Sara Dallas is at Mrs. Mead's, where she receives on first and second Saturdays. Mrs. T. G. Malcolm of Springhurst avenue will be at home to her friends each afternoon from four to six during the second week of January. Monsieur Masson is forming classes of pupils, who will study the new play of Sarah Bernhardt, L'Aiglon.

Just Among Ourselves.

The wind may raven in the wild,
The low-hung clouds be gray and cold,
And silence brood where erst was song,
And hurrying snowflakes hither throng;
But what care we around the board,
With dainties heaped and plenty stored,
And more laid by upon the shelves,
When we are, just among ourselves!

The curtains drawn, the fire bright,
The home secure in love's own light;
Dear mother in her easy chair,
Time's sifted silver on her hair;
Dear father, something bowled and bent,
But keen-eyed, eager, and content;
The sons and daughters led to true,
The maidens pure as morning dew,
The little ones like fairy elves;
And we are, just among ourselves.

God bless our sweet homes everywhere—
Homes hallowed by the faithful prayer,
God keep them safe and build them strong,
The hearth where dimpled children throng;
No shadow dims their shining light,
Though tempests are abroad this night.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Emple—Dec. 27th, Mrs. Theo. G. Emple, a son.
Sanders—Jan. 2nd, Mrs. H. W. Sanders, a son.
Elliott—Jan. 1st, Mrs. E. H. Elliott, a son.

Marriages.

Jardine—Ramsay—Dec. 31st, Geo. Jardine to Helen Louise Ramsay.
Shaw—Shaw—Dec. 26th, Alfred T. Shaw to Ada Shaw.
Henderson—Hoyes—Dec. 27th, Walter Henderson, M.D., to Helena Harriett Hoyes.
Ridd—Prettle—Dec. 31st, J. W. Ridd to Winnifred Prettle.
Rea—Irland—Jan. 2nd, Harry J. Rea to Lillian Nellie Ireland.
Erskine—Maclean—Jan. 2nd, Kenneth Erskine to Margaret Stephens Maclean.
Nichol—McColl—Dec. 21st, William H. Nichol to Helen Blanche McColl.
Newbury—Gullett—Dec. 27th, Geo. B. Newbury to Clara Louise Gullett.
Readman—Jones—Dec. 25th, Charles W. Readman to Alice Maud Jones.

Somatose

A TASTELESS ODORLESS
NUTRIENT MEAT
POWDER

It contains all the albuminoid principles of the meat in an easily soluble form. It has been extensively employed and found to be of the greatest service in Consumption and diseases of the stomach. It is of great value in convalescence from all diseases.

DOMINION DYEWOOD & CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO.
Sole Agency and depot in Canada for all BAYER'S Pharmaceutical Products (Wholesale only)

Renfrew's Fine Furs



Pattern Book
and Price List
Sent on
Application

Sealskin and Persian
Lamb Jackets

Evening and Carriage
Wraps

Caperines
Boas
Gauntlets
and Muffs

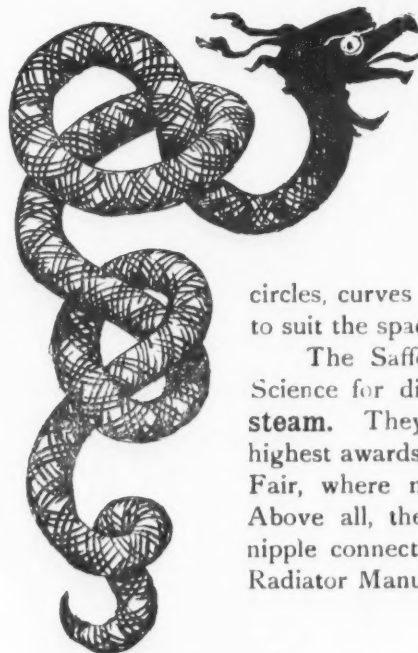
Men's Fur-Lined
Coats

5 King Street East
TORONTO

35-37 Buade Street
QUEBEC

Holt, Renfrew & Co.

FURRIERS TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN



MADE TO FIT

Circles,
Curves,
Angles.

Those light, strong, handsome Safford Radiators (the original invention in screw-threaded nipple connections—no rods, bolts or packing), are made in twenty-five different styles to fit

circles, curves and angles. And they are made in various heights to suit the space required, down to the fraction of an inch.

The Safford Radiators embody the best method known to Science for distributing the best kind of heat—hot water and steam. They are sure, safe, economical. They have taken the highest awards at every Exhibition of importance since the World's Fair, where nothing but practical results decided the question. Above all, they absolutely cannot leak, because they have screw nipple connections. They are made and guaranteed by the largest Radiator Manufacturers under the British Flag.

The Dominion Radiator Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

J. YOUNG
(ALEX. MILLARD)
The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer
359 Yonge St. TELEPHONE 679

HAIR DRESSING.

ONLY ONE CAN STOP HAIR
Falling in four days; all scalp troubles cured; ladies' hair cut shampooed, fifty cents. Hair bought and exchanged. **Tom from Green's, 349 Yonge Street.**

Mackinnon—Brick—Jan. 1st, John G. Mackinnon to Alice Maud Brick.
Bagshaw—Pugh—Jan. 1st, David E. Bagshaw to Emma Pugh.
Cook—McNaughton—Dec. 11th, A. B. Cook to Stella McNaughton.

Deaths.
Denovan—Jan. 2nd, Rev. Joshua Denovan, L.L.D., in his 71st year.
Hall—Suddenly, from an accident, William Bentley Hall, aged 42.
Jones—Jan. 2nd, Lewis M. Jones, in his 56th year.
Justin—Jan. 1st, William Justin, aged 77.
Maitland—Jan. 1st, Frederic Bayley Maitland, aged 21.

Marston—Jan. 1st, William Philip Marston, aged 80.
Sanderson—Jan. 1st, Margaret Jane Shuter Sanderson.
Watson—Jan. 1st, Gertrude Lavina Watson, in her 10th year.
Bligh—Dec. 28th, Kathleen Blacklock Bligh, in her 32nd year.
Collins—Dec. 28th, Edward H. Collins, in his 23rd year.
Jardine—Dec. 28th, Alexander Jardine, in his 62nd year.
Nelles—Dec. 20th, Dr. David A. Nelles, Thornhill, Ont.
Lemon—Dec. 23rd, Vine Lemon, in her 43rd year.
Habt—Dec. 29th, Benjamin Habt, aged 99 years.